

Christian Herald

40¢ APRIL - 1961



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Here's good news for those of you who do not drink. Now, for the first time, you can get the newest and finest hospitalization coverage at an unbelievably low rate because the Gold Star Policy is offered to non-drinkers ONLY! Think of it! \$100 weekly from the first day and for as long as you remain in the hospital!

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Every day, over 43,000 people enter our hospitals—32,000 of these for the first time. No one knows whose turn will be next, whether yours or mine. But we do know that a fall on the sidewalk or stairs in your home, or some sudden illness could put you in the hospital for weeks or months, and could cost many hundreds or even thousands of dollars.

If you do not drink and are carrying ordinary hospitalization insurance, you are, in reality, helping to pay for the accidents and hospital bills of those who do drink. This is an unfair penalty.

LOW RATES FOR NON-DRINKERS

Since we limit our membership to non-drinkers only, you save up to 40% on comparable hospitalization. Any individual who does not drink, regardless of age, can apply for this new type of low-cost protection. Even if you are covered by another policy, the Gold Star Plan will supplement that coverage and pay in addition to your present policy. Because it costs only pennies a day to have this wonderful protection against sickness and accidents, many of our members have insured their parents as well as themselves. There is no limit to the number of times you can collect. Full benefits go into effect the day your policy is issued. We invite you to compare these low rates and unusual benefits with any other similar hospitalization insurance. We know you will find that Gold Star offers the finest coverage for less money.

COMPARE THESE LOW RATES

This wonderful, generous protection costs only \$4 a month for each adult, age 19 through 64, or \$40 for twelve

full months. For each child under 19 the rate is just \$3 for a month's protection.

And remember, with Gold Star, the NO-LIMIT hospital plan, there is no limit on how long you can stay in the hospital, no limit on the number of times you can collect (the company can never cancel your policy), and no limit on age!

SENIOR CITIZEN'S POLICY FOR PEOPLE OVER 65

As you know, those over 65 frequently find it difficult to get hospitalization insurance. Not with Gold Star! Why should our elder citizens who need it most be denied this protection? Gold Star offers a special Senior Citizen's Policy for people who are 65 or over, at a cost of only \$6.00 per month, or \$60.00 per year. This policy has identically the same liberal benefits as the standard Gold Star \$100 per week policy, and is good for life!

WHY THIS GOLD STAR PLAN WAS FORMED

The Gold Star Total Abstainer's Policy was originated by De Moss Associates, who felt that folks who do not drink ought to be entitled to special protection at a special rate. This is the very first hospitalization policy ever designed for and sold only to total abstainers. World Mutual has underwritten this Gold Star Plan. They have been operating since 1920 and now have satisfied policyholders in all 50 states, in Canada and in many foreign countries.



Outstanding Leaders Say:

DR. DANIEL A. POLING, noted Minister and Editor, Christian Herald: "The advantages of a hospital plan which is available to non-drinkers only are obvious. The lower rate is made possible because you are not paying the bills for the illnesses and accidents of those who use alcohol."



DR. ROY L. SMITH, well-known author, popular lecturer, preacher and former editor of Christian Advocate. "I am convinced that the time has come for abstainers to reap some of the benefits of their abstinence, and this is one of the ways in which it can be done. We have had lower insurance rates for abstaining drivers for a long time, so why not a hospitalization plan for non-drinkers. The Gold Star Plan seems sensible and scientific."



FRANK C. LAUBACH, Internationally known authority on literacy; author, preacher and former missionary: "It seems to me that people who take good care of themselves should not be charged the same premium for insurance as those who are killing themselves by intemperance. This Gold Star Policy seems to be exactly what people who do not drink ought to have."

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We'll mail your policy to your home. No salesman will call. In the privacy of your own home, read the policy over. Examine it carefully. Have the policy checked by your lawyer, doctor, Christian friends or some trusted advisor. Make sure it provides exactly what we've told you it does. Then, if you are not fully satisfied, mail it back within 10 days, and we'll promptly and cheerfully refund your money by return mail—no questions asked. We want you to be completely satisfied. There is absolutely no risk and no obligation whatsoever.

Coverage for Non-Drinkers ONLY!

to Readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD



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- ★ No age limit.
- ★ Immediate coverage; full benefits go into effect the day your policy is issued.
- ★ There is no limit to the number of times you can collect.
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- ★ No policy or enrollment fees.
- ★ Policy is mailed to your home. No salesman will call.
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- ★ All claim checks sent air mail special delivery.

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- Pays \$2,000 cash for accidental death.
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- Pays DOUBLE these amounts (up to \$12,000) for specified travel accidents.

Only Conditions Not Covered

The only conditions this policy does not cover are: pregnancy; any act of war; pre-existing conditions; or hospitalization caused by use of alcoholic beverages or narcotics. Everything else IS covered.

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- ① Fill out application at right.
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- ③ Mail to DeMoss Associates, Inc.
Valley Forge, Pa.

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"Received check covering my stay in the hospital. This was my first trip to the hospital, and it came very unexpectedly. I appreciate the fine service of your company. I can recommend your group and service most highly."

Mr. Clyde A. McMillon, Marion Center, Pa.

"Thank you for the cash settlement of my claim. I never could have afforded to pay my policy. I had only made one payment before I was stricken, and you paid up immediately with no questions asked. I heartily recommend this policy to any one."

Mrs. Grace Gilroy, Neillsville, Wisc.

"When I took out this policy, I had not the least idea that I would be in need of it so soon. I had been in good health for over nine years without a sick day; and I hoped that it would never be necessary to go to a hospital. This attack of pneumonia was a sudden surprise. I thank God for De Moss Associates who gave me magnificent help in this great time of need."

Rev. Anton Darms, Zion, Ill.

Bank reference: Peoples National Bank

"I want to acknowledge your very generous check for which I am so very grateful and thankful. I can sincerely recommend your company to others."

Miss Elinora Crafty, Ada, Ohio

"I am most grateful for the hospitalization I received through the De Moss service to non-drinkers. It was the only insurance I found covering my age of 86 years. Almost before the ink was dry on the policy, I fell, cracked a bone in my leg, and received payment for every day I was in the hospital."

Mrs. N. L. Kolb, Rochester, N.Y.

"The check came today. Thanks so much. You indeed are very loyal. In my 81 years these are the first checks for illness I have ever drawn or ever needed, and I am more than satisfied. Thank you for your courtesy and promptness."

Maude L. Armstrong, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Street or RD # _____

City _____ State _____

Date of Birth: Month _____ Day _____ Year _____

My occupation is _____

My beneficiary is _____

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	AGE	RELATIONSHIP	BENEFICIARY
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				

Have you or any member above listed been disabled by either accident or illness or have you or they had medical advice or treatment or have you or they been advised to have a surgical operation in the last five years? Yes No
If so, give details stating cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered.

I hereby certify that neither I nor any member above listed uses alcoholic beverages and I hereby apply to the World Mutual Health and Accident Ins. Co. of Penna. for a policy based on the understanding that the policy applied for does not cover conditions originating prior to the date of insurance, and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the foregoing questions.

Date: _____ Signed: X _____
GEN. APP.—359R60

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APRIL, 1961

Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational...dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy, co-operation with all who seek a more Christian world.

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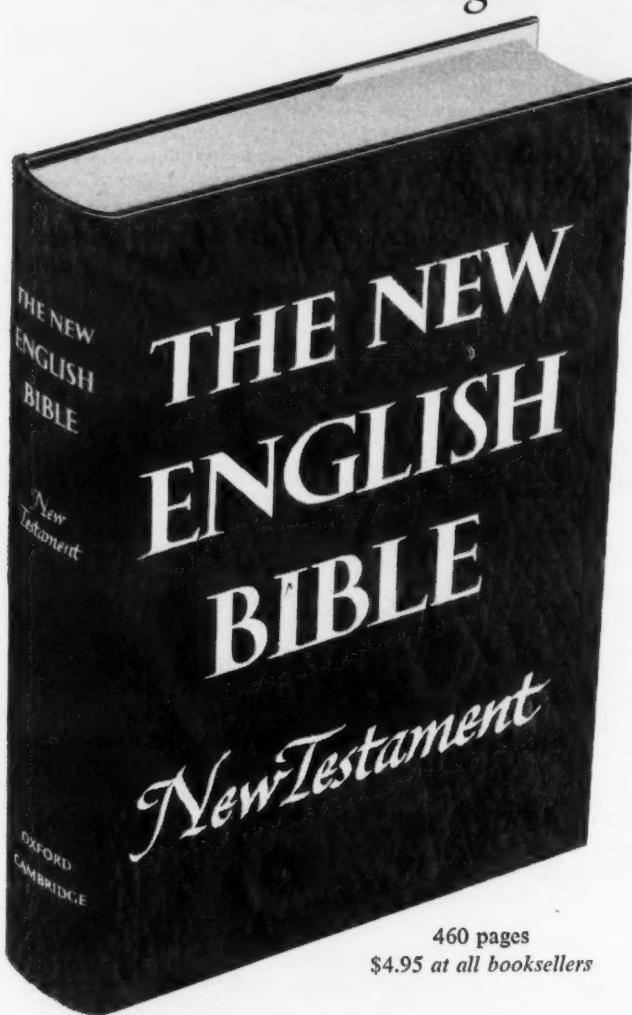
NEXT MONTH

May is a banner issue, from its rural Americana cover by Eric Sloane to the very last page. In salute to traditional Family Week, CHRISTIAN HERALD offers four non-traditional articles that will be immensely valuable to anyone who expects to be, or is, a parent. Ann Pinchot gives a key to understanding the problems of young people in *Is Your Son a Stranger?* . . . Irene Soehren tells why it makes sense and why it is Christian to maintain personal purity—absolutely the finest article on the subject the editors have seen. Addressed to young people, *When Love Says Wait* is the perfect piece for parents, teachers, counselors and pastors to put into the hands of youth. . . .

My Daughter's Going Steady, says a mother of her 15-year-old, and seems rather happy about the whole thing—a controversial switch you will find provocative. . . . And Dorothy Westlake Andrews, in a brisk confessional she calls *I'm Entitled To!* tells how she emancipated herself from her wifely search for "freedom." . . . What about tithing—is it Scripturally binding today, does it work, is it practical? Two ministers—one a Southern Baptist (pro), one a United Presbyterian (con)—square off in vigorous debate. . . . Margaret Sangster's Page makes its debut in May. It will be filled to overflowing with bits of her own poetry and chatty items and—take our word—is utterly charming!

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Seminary

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to make a wholly new
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— DEAN SHERMAN
E. JOHNSON, The
Church Divinity School
of the Pacific

"...clarity, accuracy,
and touches of quiet
beauty.

It throws new and welcome light on passages otherwise obscure, and it suggests many 'leads' for meditation, prayer, and exposition."

— DR. ANDREW W.
BLACKWOOD, Princeton
Theological Seminary

Is Your Debt Paid?

Christians take pride in their credit rating. They realize that it is their duty to pay their debts promptly. However, many believers are guilty of neglecting their debt to the people of Israel, through whose hands we received all the "spiritual things" we have and enjoy as Christians. Our Holy Bible, the Old Testament and the New Testament, has come to us through the Jews. Not only were they its writers and custodians throughout the centuries, but they were the only Christians during the first 15 years of the Church Era. It was through the missionary efforts of those early Christian Jews that many of our Gentile forefathers were converted from their pagan religions. If Paul and the other Jewish missionaries had gone to the East instead of to the West, probably China would be a Christian nation today, and we would still be heathen. Truly, we owe the Jews a great debt of gratitude.

When you reach Heaven, can you face Jews like Abraham, Moses, Paul, or Peter, if you have neglected to do as much for their children as these early saints did for your spiritual welfare? Are your Jewish neighbors dying without knowing that Christ is their Messiah? Have you ever told them? Your debt can be paid by returning the Gospel to the descendants of those Jewish saints who preserved it and passed it down to you. Then you can face them in the Glory, with a clear conscience, because your debt will be paid.

Our Mission can be your instrument for taking the Gospel to the Jews. This is a world-wide work for which your prayer and fellowship are always needed.

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LETTERS

Childless Couple Series

As new subscribers, we are disappointed and ashamed to have such trash (Feb.) in our home. Dr. Bloomquist's and Barbara Lowery's articles (medical and moral aspects of infertility and artificial insemination) do not belong in a Christian magazine.

Ripon, Calif.

MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL TRAVAILLE

Barbara Lowery has jarred many of us from indifference to almost crusade fever. It's about time we did some straight thinking on this subject.

Will you reprint it?

Oelwein, Ia.

MRS. L. A. HAUTER

- When justified by the volume of requests, reprints are usually made available. Watch for possible announcement; address "Reprint Dept."

A.I.D. Questions Overlooked

Two important points are not mentioned: an A.I.D. half-brother and sister could marry, ignorant of their relationship; medical records on heredity factors would be false.

McGrath, Minn.

ELSIE M. WOOD

A Post-Easter Lent

Why can't we make a great inspirational period out of the 40 days after Easter, remembering those days when, after the Resurrection, Christ rallied His "sales force"? The way we celebrate it, Easter is the end. Actually it is the beginning.

If church members in this country and throughout the world were to go out those 40 days by ones and twos visiting other church members, bringing Christ to others, finding Christ by thinking of others, what a climax we could have on Ascension Sunday, bringing friends and families along to church!

Isn't it worth a try?

St. Joseph, Mo.

ELLIOTT C. SPRATT

Halford E. Lucock

It was a real grief to learn of Dr. Lucock's passing. For a long time his "Daily Meditations" were truly an inspiration in our devotions.

Dalhart, Tex.

E. E. PECK

Church Merger?

Speaking of the proposed union ("Gabriel Courier," Feb.), I have long been in favor of it. In the land beyond there will be no Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal—or any other "ism" or so-called faith. . . . These de-

nominations are the artifice of man. ("There shall be one fold.")

My work has caused me to attend all denominations and I have been tolerant but now I think it's time to awaken to the truth: "The Kingdom of God is within you."

Address Withheld

A. A. JOHNSON

Gabriel, Blow Louder!

Sorry the "Gabriel Courier News" section was shortened. I'd like to see at least two pages of it.

Cincinnati, O.

VIVIAN C. LEEVER

More on Faith Healing

Your articles on faith healing (Jan.) are an enlightening summary of present knowledge on the subject. Having two men of such divergent viewpoints answer the same questions was valuable and stimulating.

Bismarck, N. D.

(REV.) ERNST H. HAACKE

. . . Glad you are not afraid to print the facts.

As secretary for an Oral Roberts meeting in 1955, I know something about the opposition of (some) preachers, editors, doctors, etc.

In ten days we drew the largest religious crowds in that city's history, 22,000 (conservative estimate) the last day; and at least three new churches resulted.

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

(REV.) CHARLES N. CRONE, SR.

. . . We should work harder to spread belief in faith healing's message. It's no more difficult than that Jesus died for our sins, and that we are saved!

Casper, Wyo.

MRS. HAROLD BEARD

. . . Our young married people's class (Presbyterian) is using Jan. *Christian Herald* as a discussion guide on faith healing.

Edinburg, Pa.

MRS. WRIGHT R. HOFFMASTER

. . . It's significant that in the New Testament Jesus often says: "Thy faith hath healed thee."

St. Petersburg, Fla.

(REV.) HOMER F. YALE

. . . May I respectfully suggest these consecrated clergymen join the thousands of consecrated doctors and scientists giving their lives to prevention of disease . . . caused by the abominable American diet!

Kansas City, Mo.

ALLENE (MRS. O. W.) BENSON

CHRISTIAN HERALD



"Because I was nervous—a 'Grumpy Grandpa'—my doctor started me on Postum."

"My grandchildren made me realize how irritable and nervous I was. 'Gee, Grandpa's grumpy!' I heard them whispering. Was there something wrong with my nerves?

"The doctor didn't think so. He asked if I'd been sleeping well. I hadn't. Then he asked if I'd been drinking lots of coffee. I had. It seems many people can't take the caffeine in coffee and I'm one of them. Change to Postum, the doctor advised. It's 100% caffeine-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake.

"Did my grandchildren notice the difference? They certainly did. When you sleep well, when you're not on edge, you have lots more patience. I'm sold on Postum—I like the way it makes me feel. You will too!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free



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motion picture reviews

*Question 7 (*Louis de Rochement with Lutheran Film Associates*)

Here is a film we have been waiting for, one every Christian, perhaps every American, should see, one young people can hardly afford to miss. Not only does it give us a picture of life as it must be lived under the Communists but it shows the essence of freedom.

The entire production is one of most admirable restraint. The viewer is not distracted with overly handsome main characters—he feels these are persons he might actually meet in such a village. Acting is so sincere you forget it is acting, and feel afterward that you know a little of what it is like to be a Christian in Communist Germany.

Based on carefully documented incidents, this picture of life today in a small town of East Germany begins with the minister's trial. He is sent to prison for preaching on the text: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." The charge: attempting to incite to murder.

He is replaced by a younger minister who is naturally hesitant about bringing his wife and 15-year-old son Peter into such a difficult situation. It isn't long before Pastor Gottfried finds out how meticulously the state hems in the church on every side—the small welcoming party is quashed for want of a special permit. Terrific pressures are put upon the young people to conform to the party program; musically talented young Peter is torn between what he has been taught and believes and what it is necessary to say he believes if he is to get an education and opportunities. A certain questionnaire to be filled out by all high school students presents an agonizing choice to the church young people and their parents; title of the picture comes from the crucial seventh question. When Peter tries to play both sides of the street and goes off to the music competition at the East Berlin Youth Festival, his parents wonder if all their love and training will come to nothing. Peter's answer to the dilemma was not easy. His parents found another answer—perhaps even more difficult.

This is not flag-waving, name-calling anti-Communist propaganda. It is simply a look at life in a land which officially hates God. Here is something to stiffen an American Christian's spine.

FAMILY

Tomboy and the Champ (*Signal. U.I.*) 13-year-old girl trains an Angus calf for county fair competitions.

ADULTS AND YOUTH

Passport to China (*Hammer Film. Col.*) American travel agent in Hong Kong, involved in spying plot.

Gorgo (*King Bros. MGM*) Prehistoric sea monster creates havoc from Irish sea to London park.

Frontier Uprising (*Zenith. U.I.*) Mexico defeated in war over California. Convincing Sierra Nevada settings, credible plot and action.

ADULTS AND MATURE YOUTH

Ballad of a Soldier (*Mosfilm. Kingsley Int.*) Russian film dramatizes human dignity, compassion, concern, and protection of the weak.

The League of Gentlemen (*Allied. Kingsley Int.*) Well-paced story of perfectly planned theft gone awry.

The Angry Silence (*Valiant Films*) The price of non-conformity in a British labor dispute. Realistic.

The Millionairess (*de Grunwald. 20th Century-Fox*) Shaw's satire on power of wealth turned into overstuffed characterizations.

All in a Night's Work (*Hal Wallis. Paramount*) A naive young woman's misunderstandings. Meant to be funny.

Cry for Happy (*Wm. Goetz. Columbia*) Four U.S. Navy men in Japan are victims of their own tall stories.

ADULTS

A Fever in the Blood (*Warner Bros.*) Burning desire for high position by the politically ambitious.

Circle of Deception (*20th Century-Fox*) In war, British Intelligence risks destroying emotional balance of agent.

Flaming Star (*Weisbart. 20th Century-Fox*) Violent conflict of Indians and whites in Texas, 1878.

The Marriage-Go-Round (*20th Century-Fox*) Husband-and-wife professor team nearly lose home to immoral "scientific" adventure.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred (★) are of exceptional merit.



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Gabriel Courier Interprets the News

STRENGTH: Nowhere is it more true that the strength of government derives from the people, than in the United States. We've taught our children that the Presidency is the biggest job on earth—and probably it is; and that the President is the most powerful individual on earth—as he can be. But his most significant powers do not come ready-made with the office. President Kennedy is finding that out, just as every President before him has found out. The job is not automated. He can't merely push buttons, issue orders, and be sure that the things he wants to happen will happen. Because he is dealing with strong-willed individuals (they had to be, to get where they are in government, labor, industry, etc.) he has to cajole, reason, persuade, woo. And his winning ways are seriously hampered unless and until he has the backing of the country. A President's most effective instrument of leadership is popular support. If he knows the people are on his side—and if Congress knows it—he is just about invincible. Mr. Kennedy's constant task will be so to inspire, lead and challenge, that having won the election, he may also win the affection of all the people.

UNITED NATIONS: Make no mistake about it: the U.N. is in trouble—bad trouble. Lincoln had an expression for it: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Perhaps a more pertinent observation today might be, "Why should a house divided against itself stand?" Take "United" out of United Nations and you don't have much left. If Russia's price for "supporting" the U.N. is complete domination of it, isn't the price too high? Some concerned individuals wonder what the U.N. could amount to with Russia out of it. A fair corollary is the question, "What can it amount to with Russia *in* it?" Yet incredibly, there appears to be a growing demand for the inclusion also of Communist China! Would this make the U.N. *more* united? Now Russia wants Mr. Hammarskjold's scalp, as it wanted—and got—Trygvie Lie's scalp. Russia proposes a 3-man presidium, effective checkmate for any action to which Russia might take exception. At best, this kind of arrangement reminds one that "a camel is a horse created by a committee."

CONGO: The U.N. strode confidently into a quagmire! Biggest mistake anyone can make about the Republic of the Congo is to assume that it is a nation. It is not. The arrogant disposal of Patrice Lumumba was strictly a jungle

throwback, irresponsibility at its worst. No nation is civilized until it learns how to accord "due process" to those it regards as criminals. And no nation can be governed when it has no sense of unity; the Congo is actually 200 nations, each governed by a tribal head. As if this were not mess enough, the Congo became the principal site (at the moment) of cold war conflict. At Stanleyville, Leopoldville, Elisabethville, was being determined not only the leadership of Congo, but the leadership of the United Nations. It looked as if bloodshed was ahead for both.

PARALYSIS: Now that spring has come, is winter safely past? A number of cities hope so. There we were, contemplating the satellites hurled into space by the might of man, worrying about how some scientists were actually creating life in test tubes, journeying to new frontiers all over the place, when, whammo! The snow came in on little downy feathers and we were out of business. New York City was sealed against incoming traffic. Transportation was snarled, schools closed. Mail deliveries stopped; snow halted the couriers on their appointed rounds. If fire had broken out, it could have made fearful headway. New York is at the mercy of every stormy wind that blows. "How Great Thou Art!" still has to be addressed to God, not man.

ORGANIZATION MEN: Seven executives of electrical firms sent to jail for price rigging, under U.S. antitrust laws! Who sinned, these men or their superiors? Or both? If top management did not know what was going on, then it was certainly not managing. If corporation structure is so complex it was impossible for them to know, then business is too big. If management did know and let subordinates take the "rap," then these companies face a massive problem of employee morale. So much for the inside. On the outside, one wonders if free enterprise itself has so little confidence in free enterprise that it must undercut its freedom. This, too, is un-Americanism. But there are ponderments enough to go around. If we innocent bystanders think of this one as a nice clean sin, as against, say, stealing a loaf of bread, then perhaps we are not as innocent as we suppose.

POST-PROTESTANT? We're getting a little weary of the "downgrading" of Protestant Christianity in these United States—as if the election of a Roman Catholic President changed things overnight. What's different now?

We've always had the opportunity of living in love with those of other faiths. And our witness has not changed (except here and there you run into people who seem to be ready to give up anything and everything for sociability's sake). Does it come as a shock that we are a "minority" group? If so, it should have dawned upon us a century or so ago when it was more true than now. Besides, what's so terrifying about being a minority? The early church thrived on it. There is this about being in a minority: you've got to pull your own weight; you can't count on George doing it. George may be in the majority.

THE LAITY: The Rev. Herman G. Stuemphle, associate director of the United Lutheran Church in America's Department of Social Action, had some interesting things to say to his denomination's evangelism leaders about laymen. The laity, he pointed out, should be thought of as apostles, not as supporters. The church "must be freed from the same 'organization man' pattern of life for which she rebukes industry and business. Men are de-personalized by being thought of primarily as resources for an institution no less in the church than elsewhere in our society." And this probing thought: "We must help lay people to see that they are the church, and furthermore, that *they are the church wherever they are.*" (Italics ours.) Witnessing at one's place of employment, he agreed is not easy. "It takes place without benefit of the protective mantle in our own work. The symbolism of our office or dress seems to free us in many situations for a kind of witness we would not ordinarily feel free to make. . . . A distinctive 'style of life' will somehow distinguish the Christian worker, bearing unarguable testimony to a redeeming that has taken place for him and a sanctifying that has taken place in him."

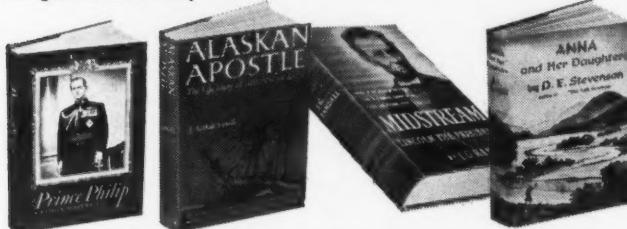
And another probing thought from Dr. Ray W. Ragsdale, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Whittier, California: "It is too much trouble to stop and offer to be a witness when we have observed an automobile accident. When someone in our community is a victim of an injustice, we hope somebody else will come to his aid. When some community affair needs a champion, you do not see Christians rushing to the fray in any great numbers."

With all the high-level talk going on about mergers, heresy trials and whatnot, it's refreshing to see words pointed at the everyday. Somebody ought to write a book for religious consumption: *Stop Talking and Start Living!*



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The AGING? ...Whose Problem?

AN aging father came to live in his son's home and be a part of his son's family. He had a slight hand tremor and, as he sat at the dining-room table, he would occasionally spill soup on the tablecloth. The tremor grew worse and finally the son thought the best thing would be for his father to eat in the kitchen. This was arranged. But the tremor grew still worse and the father occasionally dropped and broke a piece of china. Then the son bought him some wooden plates and a wooden cup to use at mealtime.

All went well until one day the son came home and found his own little boy, age 7, busily working at his tool bench in the basement. The boy was chiseling and planing with an ardor his dad had rarely seen before.

"What are you making, Son?" he asked.

"I'm making a wooden plate and a wooden cup," the little boy replied. "They're for you, Dad, so when you're old you can eat in my kitchen."

The anecdote points up a challenging problem of our time. Just what is the aging parent's place in the family? Is he, or she, simply to be tolerated, to be "put up with," to be ministered to in some minimal, perhaps even grudging, way out of an annoying sense of guilt or duty?

Let's face it—is the aging parent just an unwelcome burden?

And let's face what has been called the "gerontological version" of the Golden Rule: "Do unto your parents as you would have your children do unto you." And when the time comes—they probably will!

Some of our double-dome theorists these days feel that we are in an entirely different world now and all the beliefs the human race has had in the past about obligations to aged parents are passe. To some of them the Fifth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is but a nostalgic platitude from ancient days. They speak of new "family constellations" and altered "economic status" and "collective security." And when the theories reach their ultimate distillation they come out in human terms about like this:

Nine outstanding students in New York City were being interviewed on a radio program. The announcer asked of each student, "What does your father do?" When he asked this question of one particular boy, the boy answered, "My father is dead." The announcer commented, "Well, then, how wonderful it is that you are a brilliant student, because you can take care of your mother." There was a pause, and then the boy rejoined, "Oh, I don't have to worry about Mother. Old-age pension will take care of her."

WHEN the Ten Commandments state, "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," the reference is, I am sure, to a great deal more than an old-age pension. The honor due to parents is a lifetime commitment, nor have the social, economic and technological changes of this or any other century altered this ancient word of God any more than they have altered the rest of the Ten Commandments. Cultural

*"Cast me not off in the time of
old age; forsake me not when my
strength faileth."*

—Psalms 71:9

changes come and go, but these simple human laws have been for mankind in all ages as basic as the earth he walks upon.

THE urge to honor our parents, to be good to them and care for them in their later years, is deeply engraved upon the tablets of our inner selves. The voice of conscience prods us throughout our parents' lifetimes to give them honor and all that honor implies: love, respect and care. And when parents eventually die, which surviving son or daughter has not in some anguish heard the inner voice ask, "Why didn't I show them more love? Why wasn't I closer to them, more attentive? Why didn't I care for them better?"

In considering the plight of the aged in our time we have tended to lump all older people together as though they were some amorphous mass of collective protoplasm. In this mass we have lost the individual. Yet aging is an individual matter, as personal as life itself. If there are problems connected with aging these days they must be viewed as individual problems. Some individuals cope with their later years very well indeed; they need no help from anyone.

Others do need help, and some a great deal of help. It is the duty of a society which deigns to call itself civilized to provide that help. The best help which society can provide is to help the individual to help himself. Thereby his integrity is preserved and the processes of his own individual growth and development enhanced. Thereby he gains for himself what most elders themselves will tell you is the

most desired boon in old age: *independence*.

He hates the thought of being helpless, a burden and a drag on anyone. He doesn't want to be dependent. But there are many elders, particularly in these times, for whom such help is not enough. Helping them to help themselves simply will not do the job for all our aged. What then should be the lines of defense against dependency?

Let us visualize the individual as the bull's-eye of a target (for it is the individual in whom we are primarily interested), and around him are ever-widening concentric circles like the circles on a target. Let us call these his lines of defense against dependency. When self-help is not sufficient, the first line of defense—the circle closest to him—is his own family. The next line of defense is the group of people closest to him, bound to him by the strongest ties—perhaps his church.

NEXT may come his employer or his labor union, and then, in ever-widening circles, such additional lines of defense as the philanthropic welfare organizations, the many and varied charitable efforts of society and the community of which he is a part.

If all *these* lines of defense fail, we must then look to the emergency defense of Government. Because the problem of the aged is so important and so pressing, particularly

(Continued on next page)

By
HOWARD WHITMAN

now, some people are inclined to press the panic button and call upon the Government to step in first—instead of last. The other lines of defense are so much more effective. And the first, outside of the individual himself, is the family. If each aged individual had his "place in his family," old age today would be the blessing it should be and no problem at all.

What has happened to the aged mother or father's place in the family?

We know that living conditions have changed. It will do no good to yearn for the "good old days" when Grandma and Grandpa were the honored patriarchs who in their old age were still securely at the head of the family. Chances are they owned the old homestead of the farm or the rambling big house in the city.

Perhaps a married son or daughter had moved in with them and a brood of scampering grandchildren were jumping up on the old folks' laps and playing hobby-horse upon their knees.

The married daughter and her husband came to them for advice and perhaps even for economic aid (they might be given the "south 40" or a parcel of land on which to build their own house, or one day they might inherit the old homestead itself).

This family of yesteryear was thus described by Dr. Northrun Glatzer: "It was a three-generation family. Grandparents had an irreplaceable contribution to make. In a practically unchanging world their counsel was valuable. They symbolized continuity of life, a measure of timelessness, an almost sacred quality. The home fostered wholeness of life—courtship, marriage and the serenity of old age."

But today?

The old homestead is gone. Families break up and move about (the term *family mobility* crops up repeatedly in the sociological tracts). Children get married and live in apartments, with hardly room for themselves, let alone Grandma and Grandpa. They go to

other cities to live; they move about as new jobs or the armed services or employers' orders dictate.

And Grandma and Grandpa, instead of being the financially secure owners of the farm or the big house with a nest egg of bank savings and government bonds, may be more or less displaced persons who themselves have been caught up in the economic whirligig of family fragmentation and mobility.

As the generation in transition, Grandma and Grandpa of today may not have planned ahead for their own economic security in the new and different world. Instead of being the holders of the family purse-strings, Grandma and Grandpa may today find themselves displaced economically as well as socially, or, in short, financial dependents.

All this upsets the apple cart of old-time family organization. As Elizabeth Ogg puts it, writing for the Public Affairs Committee, "There are no longer many large family homesteads with warm chimney corners for the old folks and little household tasks for their hands. Living space has shrunk, and much domestic work is now sent out or mechanized. The high cost of housing makes it hard for even well-to-do families to arrange suitable care for a parent who is getting old. Few with such a parent escape difficulties altogether, whether with finances, housing, health or personalities. Perhaps you have no problem now. Some day you may."

The last two sentences have the tone of a warning. It is as though Miss Ogg were saying, "Just wait—you'll see!" Many young and middle-aged people do indeed look with trepidation toward the day when their parents may turn to them in some form of dependency. But the parents themselves view the matter with greater trepidation still. The fear of becoming dependent upon their children hangs over so many of them like a threatening pall. In past generations, men and women put money aside for their old age and conserved their assets because they didn't want to "end up in the poorhouse." The "poorhouse" has sunk into the limbo of history (praise God!), but in its place the aging couple today have a fear which to some may be equally gripping: they don't want to end up being a burden on their children.

Why this feeling about children? You hear it expressed on every hand—"I'd rather go on relief than take help from my children."

A minister in Santa Cruz, Calif., reports this case: "Mrs. A. is a mother, a widow of sixty. She is making her own way, earning her living, but rapidly facing trouble because of a developing heart condition. I have urged her

(Continued on page 33)

Old People Cannot Sleep

Old people cannot sleep;
In the morning they rattle things
And disturb their married children,
And their grandchildren,
Who ask, in drowsy petulance,
"Why must you get up so early?"
But the older people cannot answer that,
They do not know;
They only know the day is dawning,
One more precious day
crammed with sights and sounds and odors,
One more period of light before the darkness;
Freedom of space to move
their arms and legs and lips.

How can the young understand?
Their cup of life is brimming.
A few drops wasted—what does it matter?
But when the nectar is low in the glass
and there will be no more,
It must be savored, sip by sip.

Where, then, the marvel that
Old people cannot sleep?

By Glenn H. Asquith



ILLUSTRATED BY
TED HANKIE

The Town that Integrated Its Oldsters

By JAMES M. JOHNSTON

SPRINGTIME, 1959, found everyone enjoying the greenery in Greendale, Wisconsin, a progressive Milwaukee suburb. Everyone, that is, except the 250 retired persons, who lived lonely and isolated in a spanking new "model" housing project built especially for them.

The 132 apartments for the aging were erected by a builder, who, with most of Greendale, wanted to provide pleasant, modest-rent housing for elderly retired people in a clean, quiet suburb. It was away from the speed, grime and noise of metropolitan Milwaukee, yet not too far from physicians and shopping centers, and only a short drive to at least three hospitals.

Physically—as far as the brick and plaster could provide—the project left little to be desired. But spiritually and socially, something was missing. When everyone else bounded outdoors to take advantage of the extra hour provided by Daylight Saving Time, the elderly couples remained aloof in their homes.

By autumn, 1959, the picture had changed drastically. The elderly people had not only come out of their shells, literally and figuratively, but were helping to build, of all things, a youth center. They participated in public gatherings, grew busy, became a vital part of the community.

What did it? Or, to put it more accurately, *who* did it? Greendale's church people, on the one hand, who realized they had a close-to-home mission responsibility. And on the other, the oldsters who had spunk enough to spurn "charity" and to show they were too useful to be confined and segregated.

(Continued on the next page)

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Sons, daughters, nephews, nieces and grandchildren of many of these oldsters had been trying to get them to take renewed interest in life for months. It took a community project to do it.

Spearheading the "welcome" were members of the Greendale Community Congregational Church, who remembered the somewhat prophetic words of the Rev. Jess Norenberg, spoken five years ago, Dr. Norenberg, superintendent of the Wisconsin Congregational Conference, was dedicating the attractive, rough hewn wood and stone Greendale church built with 10,000 hours of labor donated by laymen.

"Let your church be like a dining room table," he said, "to which hungry souls will come, morning, noon and night."

Greendale was created in 1938 by the United States as one of three "Greenbelt" communities. The other two were Greenhills, Ohio, and Greenbelt, Maryland. All three were government-built "model suburbs" with good homes for low-income families.

Until 1952, Greendale remained a government-operated community. Three years later the government sold the homes to renters and others. The Milwaukee Community Development Corporation, a firm organized to buy the vacant properties, has continued the planning of the village, preserving its picturesqueness, winding streets that slow auto traffic down to sensible speeds. A private housing boom has increased the population to about 4,500 persons. Devoid of much industry, clean and quiet, it's still a model community.

But not even a model community exists without disagreements. This became evident when the builder proposed to erect the apartments for the retired. The suburbanites appreciated the need for comfortable housing for the aged, but debated at length and with fervor on whether apartments belong in a "model village." The builder finally won his right to put up the project. By May, 1958, they were completed and the retired people began to move in.

They kept on coming until most of 132 apartments were filled that fall. "Greendalers" meanwhile went their own way. As winter came on, they shoveled snow off their winding sidewalks, enjoyed the holiday season, weathered the extremes of temperature and storms. The retired people? "We let them live their lives alone in their nice new apartments," said one home owner.

"Alone" was the right word. Most of the retirees—in their early 60's, a few over 70—lived far away from their married sons and daughters. Even in adequate, quiet, comfortable quarters

many were struggling with problems a roof and four walls could not solve.

One of the retired tenants was Peter Wirtz, a former newspaper reporter and owner of an electronics engineering business. Shortly after moving in he combined his newsman's technique of interviewing with his own natural interest in people, to learn something about his new neighbors. He went from apartment to apartment, learning names, former addresses and listening to troubles.

Here and there he met a couple who wanted no visitors. Neighbors "butting in" was small town stuff and they would have none of it. Others were glad to have him visit. Most had come from larger communities where you don't ask just anybody about personal prob-

Heart attacks and less acute illnesses of the aged added the problems of medical care, treatment and hospitalization.

Most common, Wirtz found, was the aged worker or executive who had retired without preparation. Some men were no more ready for retirement than an eighth-grader is ready for college. Elderly persons who had developed no interest outside their jobs or routine housework sat looking at the four walls, with no desire to be useful to themselves or to anyone else. The momentum of habit, which had served them so well in the environments they just left, no longer worked, once they retired—even in the new apartments of a model village.

Many couples, sitting alone inside, would have liked to meet someone new. But in the cities where they had spent most of their lives you had to be introduced. No one introduced them to the neighbor across the hall, and so they continued to sit, lonely and bored. Others didn't want to meet anyone new; yet they grew tired of their own company. Old age is like that, sometimes.

Still other retired folks, who had heard about the political battle over the apartment issue, imagined that the opposition to their housing project was directed at them. This was a built-in source of self pity, a most destructive attitude.

Most of Greendale spent its winter and early spring without knowing these facts. They didn't even know that some had already moved away because they couldn't find happiness in the village.

Wirtz brought the detailed story of these needs to the Rev. Curtis T. Schowalter, minister of Community Church. "This is a chance for our church to serve," the minister said.

Just what the church could do was hard to say, with the scant knowledge of the aging that most members possessed.

As spring, 1959, thawed out the roughest winter in a quarter century, the Greendalers were glad to get outdoors again, to work in their gardens and well-kept lawns. (Greendale prides itself on its horticultural attractions. Among its street names are Azalea Court, Daffodil Lane, Blossom Lane, Clover Lane, and Crocus Court, where the apartments stand. The village's telephone exchange is GArden.)

Everyone seemed to be outdoors, renewing acquaintances with neighbors—everyone but the retired folks. Why should they come out when no one knew them?

Mrs. Kenneth Kaye, one of Mr. Schowalter's parishioners missed them. When she had heard what Wirtz had discovered, she was disturbed. Not too many months before, her own parents

(Continued on page 44)

The Joy of Being Old

By Beatrice Plumb

I SHALL never forget the horror I felt at finding my first gray hair. For days I languished for my lost youth. How unendurable life would be, I shuddered, when all my hair was gray! How I should loathe being old!

Now I am a senior citizen—and I love it!

In the old busy, bustling years, I dreaded the very thought of retiring, of being on the shelf, with time on my hands—and with a lot less money.

Granted, I have less money. But the golden gain of other things that really matter! Of that precious time on my hands, for instance. Only those who have worked hard most of their lives can appreciate what a treasure leisure is.

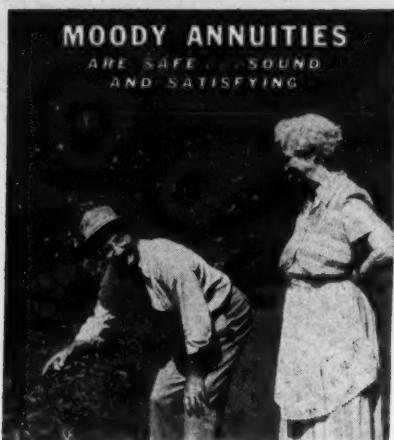
Time for my garden! My dad was a horticulturist, an old green-thumb man, and although he has been gone many years, in those old busy days I would feel him at my elbow, insisting, "This needs watering. This needs more fertilizer." His commanding smile is in the sunshine now as I care for my neglected gardenias. I found myself the other day asking aloud, "Dad, what am I going to do about these brown spots in my lawn?"

Time to relax and listen to some good music; to really go and see—not just read about—the art exhibits; to attend free library programs; to get acquainted with sunsets again, and starlit nights.

Time, at long last, to read for a second or third time those good books I read in the past but was too busy to digest—*Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Imitation of Christ*, a dozen others; to finish books I never found time to read through even once, as *Gone With The Wind*; to read the challenging new books as they appear.

Time to be kind; to show my appreciation of friends; to remember their anniversaries, happy and sad; to be a better neighbor to the new family next door, or to write that long, newsy letter—like a cheery chat over the garden gate—to a crippled shut-in a thousand miles away.

Time to travel! Practically all her life, my older sister in England stifled a romantic nautical longing. Oh, to be near the sea, to hear the (Continued on next page)



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roar of the waves, smell the brine, taste it! But always there was someone at home to take care of—first, a 90-year-old grandmother, then an 80-year-old father, two aged aunts. Never could she get away.

Then came a time when the last dear one was laid to rest beside the village church. Now she was free to marry her Fred, her girlhood sweetheart. By now, both were retired teachers.

Last month I received an ecstatic letter from her. She was vacationing beside the sea! "Oh, this blessed God-given leisure!" she exulted. "No school bells! No papers to mark! No clock to watch! And the sea! The first night we arrived, we climbed the cliff and looked down at the ocean. And do you know what I did? I sang the Doxology—and Fred joined in."

Next summer, she wrote me later, they would holiday on the Channel Islands. Worried, I wrote back, "Can you afford it?" Back came her reply, air mail. "No, but we're going to. We have an old biscuit tin, marked 'Holiday,' and into it we pop every shilling we can save from our pensions and all our birthday and Christmas money-gifts. I can earn a bit coaching backward children and Fred by working odd times at the Butterfly Farm across the road from us. The things one can do when one has nothing to do! I mean, when your time is your own."

I wrote to some of my friends who have recently retired, asking if they had anything to say about the joy of being old.

Did they! Immediately one wrote back, to quote, "We do not grow old. We become old through *not* growing."

"Don't call it retirement," scolded an Ohio couple, "We were never busier. Call it creative idleness. We're painting everything in the house."

Wrote a man I never would have considered scientifically minded, "For half my life my job has kept me handling small-scale things. Now I have time to stretch my mind—to think big. I've joined a class to learn something about outer space. It's stupendous."

Another letter-friend—"crowding 70," she admitted—is limbering her mind, learning Spanish. Still another, just retired at 65, is weighing merits of several self-improvement courses. "I'm like a kid with a dime in a candy store," she wrote me, "trying to decide how to spend this sudden wealth—this precious leisure!"

Leisure! I was in my early thirties when I first saw leisure as recreation or, more accurately, *re*-creation. I was new on the staff of a big city's recreation department and had been called to a special meeting to hear a visiting recreation commissioner speak.

"What is recreation?" he threw at us. He expected us to know. We sat

there, chewing our pencils, staring vacantly at this outsider who actually had the nerve to ask us to give him a definition in one sentence.

Recreation, we found, meant a different thing to each one of us. The commissioner studied all the replies that came to his desk, then chose one as the text of his staff talk. It was, "Recreation is that which gives our smothered dreams an airing."

He asked each of us to tell his or her secret dream. We were a group of young people, yet, strangely enough, no one said his dream was to own a million dollars, diamonds, or a yacht.

The lean, quiet man behind me confessed he had always nursed a wistful longing to play in a brass band—make a musical noise. My neighbor, a prim, positive, plain young woman in horn-rimmed glasses, rasped in my ear that she would give a lot to be an actress. The remote little playleader on my left confided that she had never ceased craving to be world-wide traveler, an explorer. And I whispered back that even when I was a little girl, part of my daily prayers had been the impassioned plea, "God, please, *please* make me a writer—with colored illustrations." And here I was, teaching Americanization classes and English folk dances!

We were like the majority of people, the commissioner told us. A few lucky ones, he allowed, found complete fulfillment in their work—a few artists, musicians, actors, missionaries, ministers, physicians and such—but the rest must hope to find it, to some extent, in their leisure.

"When people are over the first flush of youth, when the world is their oyster," he went on, "most of them settle down to a more or less humdrum life of routine—a job, for a pay envelope. But their dreams don't die; they just dwindle. Instead of settling down with the rest of a person, they submerge and either simmer or seethe."

"Only yesterday, I went in and asked the cheapest I could go around the world," whispered the remote little playleader. Then, with a rueful sigh, "On my salary!"

But the commissioner was pointing his finger at us. "Now if you can find," he said, "a person's submerged dream, and then provide a way of giving it an airing, even in a modest way, that is priceless recreation, for it is *re*-creation! When you have people's leisure in your hands, you have a mighty force. The right guidance and use of it can lead to miracles."

How reverently he spoke of leisure! He was giving us a sense of mission.

"It is well to remember," he said, "that we owe almost all we know of art and literature to the ancient nations that had a leisured class."

(Continued on page 50)

A CRY FOR HELP

No, you can't hear it with your ears — this silent, desperate cry for help from a sick man enslaved by drink. But you can hear it with your heart, because you follow in the steps of Him who listened to the very least of those who inhabit the earth. And, like Him, when you hear you will do something about it.

What can you do to help? You can invest in your faith that this lost man, and others like him in the Bowery, will be saved.

We don't ask much of you — just a little. Just enough to get one man started on the road to salvation.

Yes, this man who cries for help has a soul at stake. Without your help, he may never be found. With your gift and prayer for the Bowery Mission, he may be salvaged. He will rejoin his brothers in society and take up his responsibilities again. The world will be a better place for your thoughtful action.

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TELEVISION THIS MONTH

Captain Kangaroo. One of the most delightful children's programs on the air. Originator Bob Keeshan plays Captain Kangaroo, a jolly-faced m.c. in nautical attire with capacious pockets (for carrying carrots and miscellaneous surprises). With him in The Treasure House is Mister Greenjeans.

Nearly everything comes to life in The Treasure House. Dancing Bear dances with a guest star ballerina. Mr. Moose and Bunny Rabbit, two precocious puppets, conspire to play tricks on Captain. Even the Grandfather's Clock talks. And, out in the garden there is often a real honest-to-goodness animal to examine. Some days there are visiting entertainers or a cartoon or a story read from a book while tv cameras pan in on the original art.

On the air since 1955, this is one of the best-produced shows we have seen in any category. There is no question that Bob Keeshan understands and loves children for the format is keyed from beginning to end to the almost limitless imagination of the preschool child. On CBS-TV six days a week in most localities.

Huckleberry Hound. The most refreshing and original animated cartoon since the advent of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Each show consists of three separate episodes: one devoted to the antics of Yogi Bear and his pal Boo Boo in Jellystone National Park; another to Jinx the Cat and those "miserable meees," Pixie and Dixie; and a third to that stalwart hero, Huckleberry Hound himself. The format is pure slapstick and the most violent scene you are likely to see is Yogi slamming into a tree or Huck being squooshed by the giant he is out to hunt down. Children love the program because all the animals are people—the way small fry usually think of animals. Adults are amused by the resemblance of the voices to familiar tv/radio characters. So successful has this show been since its inception four years ago (it's presently on 180 stations) that Yogi Bear recently began his own series.

Shari Lewis. Shari Lewis and her charming puppets and Mr. Goodfellow join forces to keep children entertained for a half-hour on Saturday morning.

As a guest shot on an adult show Miss Lewis has scored a big hit with her appealing ways and clever ventriloquism. Her Saturday show, however, is a big disappointment. The format is a loosely knit hodgepodge of puppetry, song and dance and rather meaningless chit-chat. We think this is a poor showcase for Miss Lewis' undeniable talents and wish she would aim at something a little closer to the old *Kukla, Fran & Ollie* show which many of us recall with great affection.

Romper Room. Educational and entertaining fare for little tots. Five days a week a "teacher" and six children participate in regular kindergarten activities. Children watching at home join in these activities.

Each morning's format is the same wherever telecast, but in each area the teacher is a former local kindergarten teacher, or someone equally qualified, who has been carefully selected and trained by the *Romper Room* staff. Children appear on the program for two consecutive weeks as a result of their mother's request, with three rotating each week.

Romper Room, the brain-child of Bert and Nancy Claster, went on the air nine years ago in Baltimore. Today it reaches 86 viewing areas in the U.S. and Canada with Canadian shows telecast in French.

Walt Disney. "Lo! How the mighty hath fallen!" From the nation's No. 1 program of harmless cartoons, fantasies and adventure, the "Frontierland" segment of this show, at least, has degenerated into a third-rate western. We doubt that the struggle of the early settlers to hold the land they were wresting from the Indians could be told realistically without a little Indian warfare. But, to our way of thinking, there is a vast amount of difference between the psychological effect of seeing an Indian "bite the dust" and that of seeing men brawling in a saloon.

National coverage of Protestant Easter services leaves much to be desired this year. At presstime only CBS had planned any at all and even this appeared to be catch-as-catch-can. Second half of *Project 20's* "Coming of Christ" was postponed until '62.

Editorially Speaking...

WELL DONE, MR. PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S message to Congress, offering a five-point \$6-billion plan to aid education, confirms fully his integrity in the basic matter of separation of church and state. Unequivocally as President of the United States, he follows through with his pledges as a candidate. We went on record before his election accepting his pledges and referring to them as "magnificent." We further stated that he would find himself in these matters opposed by his own fellow churchmen. The Most Reverend Joseph F. Flannelly, Auxiliary Bishop of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York and Administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Monsignor William McManus, head of Chicago's parochial school system, are among the distinguished Roman Catholic prelates who take issue with President Kennedy's plan for aid to public schools. In a Sunday sermon, Bishop Flannelly called upon two thousand worshipers at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City to address letters to their Congressmen opposing the President's proposal. The Bishop was direct and even caustic in voicing his opposition.

Specifically President Kennedy underlines and lifts up "the clear prohibition of the Constitution" against allocating funds to "church schools or church school teachers' salaries." The *New York Times* comments editorially, "We are glad to note!"

CHRISTIAN HERALD also applauds a President who, standing firmly on the Constitution of the United States, is the chief executive of all the people without regard.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE WHITE HOUSE

(As described by Ed Koterba in his column in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, February 1, 1961, titled "They're Living It Up at the Kennedys.")

"Washington—From outside the open door, the oldtimer blinked at the strange goings-on in the new corral at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. He let out a muffled gasp.

"He brushed past a choreographer as his partner led him through the white porticos, murmured: 'Now you know what they mean by the New Frontier.'

"There'd been a lot of tongue-in-cheek predictions about what the Kennedys would do once in the White House, but no one, it seems, was imaginative enough.

"Once inside the Kennedy corral, the oldtimer kicked his heels. 'Say,' he said, 'this is real modern living!'

"The atmosphere was gay. Roll out the champagne . . . come through the East Room and join us at the bar. This is the New Frontier.

"Gone, mused the oldtimer, are those stodgy days of President Eisenhower when the blue-nosers even prohibited smoking. Now, you hear: 'Gotta light?' Sure, why not? The White House ashtray-less days are over. The Kennedys are in town.

"Step into Pierre's office and fill your soul and ears with fine symphonic music on a working Sunday morning. The hi-fi you hear is direct from the press secretary's office. Jim Hagerty never offered so much as an Irish lullaby.

"Even the dress of the working staff need not be stiffly formal. The oldtimer gaped at the attractive White House messenger bearing a stack of mimeographed press releases of the State of the Union message.

"The young lady was distributing the speeches to the correspondents as she made her way down the sedate marble halls attired in slacks and tennis shoes.

"Is this, reflected the oldtimer, the White House? It is. Everybody's getting into the swing of it—once assured they're not dreaming.

"Barriers are down all across the new corral. Gone are the iron gates that shielded the President of old—at least for the present.

"Now, the public can come into the Presidential inner sanctum via the lens of the photographers' cameras.

"And twice, the new President even stopped by the press room, once to sympathize with correspondents over their cramped quarters. No one recalls President Eisenhower's stepping into this no-man's land . . .

"But most impressive in this march forward at the Pennsylvania Ave. corral of the New Frontier was the initial Sunday afternoon cocktail party in the State dining room. (Continued on page 56)


Daniel A. Poling, Jr.
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD

The New English Bible

By FRANK E. GAEBELEIN

This year of 1961 may well stand out in the history of the English Bible. It marks the 350th anniversary of the King James Version. It is also the publication year of an entirely new translation of the New Testament made by a representative group of British scholars.

The 1611 "King James" Bible was the culmination of nearly a century of intense activity in putting Scripture into the vernacular. If the work of forty-seven scholars authorized by James I has proved to be the towering classic of English prose, it owes much to its forebears from Tyndale down to the Bishops' Bible. According to their own preface, the committee that produced it did not seek to make a wholly new version but rather to improve the good work of earlier translators. And the more recent English Bibles—the Revised, American Standard and Revised Standard Versions all have been influenced by their great predecessor. The Committee for the Revised Standard Version said they endeavored to preserve "those qualities which have given to the King James Version its supreme place in English literature." To be sure, single translators, such as Moffatt, Goodspeed and Phillips, have put Scripture into modern English *(continued on page 54)*

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First and foremost, I handed on to you the facts which had been
imparted to me: that Christ died for our sins, in accordance with the
scriptures; that he was buried; that he was raised to life on the third
day, according to the scriptures; and that he appeared to Cephas, and
afterwards to the Twelve. Then he appeared to over five hundred of
our brothers at once, most of whom are still alive, though some have
died. Then he appeared to James, and afterwards to all the apostles.

In the end he appeared even to me; though this birth of mine
was monstrous, for I had persecuted the church and am therefore
inferior to all other apostles—indeed not fit to be called an apostle.
However, by God's grace I am what I am, nor has his grace been
given to me in vain; on the contrary, in my labours I have outdone
them all—not I, indeed, but the grace of God working with me. But
what matter, I or they? This is what we all proclaim, and this is what
you believed.

Now if this is what we proclaim, that Christ was raised from the
dead, how can some of you say there is no resurrection of the dead?
If there be no resurrection, then Christ was not raised; and if Christ
was not raised, then our gospel is null and void, and so is your faith;
and we turn out to be lying witnesses for God, because we bore
witness that he raised Christ to life, whereas, if the dead are not
raised, he did not raise him. For if the dead are not raised, it follows
that Christ was not raised; and if Christ was not raised, your faith has
nothing in it and you are still in your old state of sin. It follows also
that those who have died within Christ's fellowship are utterly lost.
If it is for this life only that Christ has given us hope,^a we of all men
are most to be pitied.

But the truth is, Christ was raised to life—the firstfruits of the
harvest of the dead. For since it was a man who brought death into
the world, a man also brought resurrection of the dead. As in Adam
all men die, so in Christ all will be brought to life; but each in his
own proper place: Christ the firstfruits, and afterwards, at his
coming, those who belong to Christ. Then comes the end, when he
delivers up the kingdom to God the Father, after abolishing every
kind of domination, authority, and power. For he is destined to
reign until God has put all enemies under his feet; and the last
enemy to be abolished is death.^b Scripture says, 'He has put all

[a] Or If it is only an uncertain hope that our life in Christ has given us... [b] Or Then
at the end, when... power (for he... feet), the last enemy, death, will be abolished.

CHINA REPORT

By DANIEL A. POLING

LEUNG POON CHUN held my hand firmly as we walked to the boat that would carry me across the harbor from Children's Garden in Hong Kong to my hotel. The Garden is one of the most beautiful children's homes in all the world. I visited Superintendent Norman E. Turner. Here more than 800 little people are housed, fed, clothed and educated. I met this beautiful Chinese girl seven years ago when she was eight. Two years before, when she was six, she had watched in terror while her father and her two uncles were beheaded by the Communists. Torn from her mother, she had been swept with hundreds of refugees across the frontier into the British-Crown colony when the Communists poured down from the North to ravish Canton and the towns and countryside of the South. Leung Poon Chun's father had been the chief official of his small city. Today, this little girl has no knowledge of her mother

nor, indeed, of any of her relatives or childhood friends.

Mrs. Poling and I had been interested in Leung Poon Chun ever since we saw her first in the symbolic Chinese lion dance, which she executed perfectly and which, by the way, becomes quite a terrifying spectacle.

On this most recent visit, I found her standing high in her classes and maturing into a lovely young woman. As we walked together, she handed me a book marker knitted in the form of a cross and said, "Please give that to Mother Poling"—and then, "Could I ask you something?" And of course she could. She hesitated before she spoke and then, squeezing my hand, looked up at me and asked this rather poignant question, "Dr. Poling, would you please give me an English name?" My hesitation was not due to reluctance, you may be sure of that. But when I did reply, I answered, "Yes, Leung Poon Chun, when I get back to the United



Leung Poon Chun with Mrs. Loo (right) and Ruby Loo
Faith-Love girls enjoy basketball too!



Faith-Love Crown Colony Champions!
Our twin babies in Hong Kong



The author reads the wording of the Albert Henry and Treva Diebold Memorial plaque to the children of the Faith-Love Home in Hong Kong.



Our Children's Garden Boy Scouts

States I shall talk with Mother Poling and then I am sure we shall give you an English name." Well, I have talked with the head of our house and we are giving the little Chinese girl a name that I think is very beautiful, the name of the mother of my children—Lillian.

This most recent of my many missions to Christian Herald's homes and orphanages in the Far East was, I think, the most rewarding, and, of course, that means it was the most emotionally disturbing too. At this writing, there are some 1,400 children in Korea, Hong Kong and on Formosa, who look to our farflung Christian Herald family for their daily bread. We must feed, clothe and house them, carry all of them—and many of them from babyhood—through high school, and then do all that we can do to establish them in their own homes and careers. It becomes an all but overwhelming task, but it is also an assignment we would not escape and has immeasurably rich rewards.

There are many little girls of the quality of Leung Poon Chun, and there are many boys who are not unlike Iu Gi-tek

and Kho Iau-Khun. It was in our children's home at Taichung on Taiwan (Formosa) that I met these two lads again. The occasion was the tenth anniversary of that home, and what a happy time it was. Just ten years ago it had been my privilege to open this institution with six little people. Then General MacArthur's Senior Chaplain, Col. Ivan L. Bennett, afterward Major General and Chief of Chaplains in the Army of the United States, was with me. Now from that small beginning the program has grown to include a home with 50 babies and, at the edge of the rapidly growing city, a larger institution with its 30 bright brick buildings. These include a beautiful chapel and a miniature farm with 500 laying hens, heifers that have come from America and a piggery that yields a gainful return, with constant squeals of delight—from the children. I found 107 boys and girls in this blessed place which for a decade now has been under the watchful care of Superintendent Glen D. Gruber and his devoted wife.

But let us get back to the two boys. Ten years ago Iu Gi-tek was a nameless and homeless beggar lad. He came direct from the jail to our home. But on this anniversary day he was one of 24 of the 48 graduates who returned to their "home" to join in the celebration. He came from a Bible training school where he is in his second year and planning to be a missionary. He read the Scripture and led us in the opening prayer. Kho Iau-Khun is a university junior. Erect and handsome, he made a speech of welcome. And among the 48 graduates is the girl who was the first among our children to marry and become a mother. She had her lovely baby in her arms. I did not see all that was happening that day too clearly, for there was a constant mist over my eyes.

Another with us ten years ago in Taichung who was with us again for the tenth anniversary was Mrs. James Dickson—Lillian Dickson—whose husband is the founder and principal of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Taipei. She, with him, has spent nearly forty years among the men and women of Taiwan, ministering to the blind, the deaf and the lepers, carrying the gospel to the mountain people—and the mountains of Formosa rise to 1,400 feet in their central peaks. Our Christian Herald activities could hardly have started. *(Continued on the next page)*

GO, TELL!

By KENNETH L. WILSON

TEXT: "And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead" Matthew 28:7.

GO! TELL! These two words have kept Easter coming—through hard years when believers met in caves; through years when they were hunted down as beasts, to be killed for their faith's sake; through Easter sunrises when the light of faith burned low in the world; through years when reading the Bible was a religious and civil offense; through an era when man's determination to be spiritually free brought him questing to a new world; through years when new chains were put on men's souls and years when those chains, too, were broken; through years of scoffing, years of suffering, years of fighting and dying, years of anxiety. Across continents and oceans, two words have brought the Resurrection morn to us.

Go! Tell!

But what of the future? Those same words that have kept Easter coming are the words—and the only words—that will keep Easter going. And now they are words not for two women at

an opened, empty tomb, nor for reformers in the Middle Ages, nor for Pilgrims, but for you and me.

Go! Tell!

What is it that we must tell? Simply that Christ lives. This is the all-important fact. Take away the Resurrection and you take away hope, ultimate justice, the triumph of love.

You catch something of its importance by the sheer coverage in the New Testament. The events upon which we base Christmas—the birth of Jesus—are mentioned by only two Gospel writers, Matthew and Luke. The death of Jesus and His victory over death are mentioned in detail by all four of the Gospel writers and in the Book of Acts and by Paul besides. Yet, today, we give much more attention to the birth of Jesus than to His resurrection. We sing Christmas carols for many weeks. We sing, "Up from the Grave He Arose" on only one morning of the year.

Christ lives! That is what must be told.

But you have no sufficient motivation to go anywhere, and nothing to

(Continued on page 51)

CHRISTIAN HERALD PULPIT



This sermon is a command appearance. When I returned from Europe with the spring Christian Herald tour last year members of the party spoke with enthusiasm of the sermon preached by Dr. Kenneth L. Wilson at the sunrise service at the Garden Tomb, Jerusalem. I promised them and myself that this inspiring Easter message would appear in Christian Herald at an appropriate time. Now is the time!

Also, it is my first opportunity really to introduce Dr. Wilson formally to the Christian Herald family. After his academic training at Houghton College and Butler University, he was ordained a minister of the Christian Church (Disciples). For seven years he was an editor of the American Baptist Publication Society. With his lovely wife, a former junior high school teacher, who endeared herself to this same Christian Herald tour party, Dr. Wilson now belongs to the First Baptist Church in White Plains, New York, and is the teacher of the adult Fellowship Class. The Wilsons have four children, two boys and two girls, in ages ranging from 6 to 16. With Christian Herald magazine since 1949, Dr. Wilson was last year named Executive Editor.—DANIEL A. POLING, Editor.

even, without the devotion of this lady bountiful.

It is quite difficult, indeed impossible, to cover in any article however extended, and this piece must be reasonably brief, the happenings of my less-than-three-weeks journey traveling west into the East. I was in Korea where the great majority of all our Christian Herald children are located and where the need is perhaps greater, or at least on a scale numerically much larger, than it is elsewhere. There I met with devoted missionaries and with our superintendent of Christian Children's Fund, William H. Henry, Jr. I spoke in the Union Church and also again, as I have spoken many times before, in the chapel of our Eighth Army. I visited with Posun Yun, the new president of Korea, who is a devout man and who succeeded the incomparable Father of his Country—Syngman Rhee. And in Korea again I was surrounded by our children who wait for our coming and who always turn wistful faces as though toward you who are their foster parents in far-off and ever blessed America.

In Tokyo, as well as in Seoul, I met with Christian Endeavorers. There are 200,000 Christian Endeavorers in the churches and missions of South Korea and a strong and growing union of these young people in Japan.

President Chiang and Madame Chiang once more opened their gracious home to me in Taipei, Taiwan. Although Madame Chiang has her own amazing orphanage high above the city, one of the largest and most completely functioning in all the world, she has been the constant friend of our homes and indeed was a patroness of Christian Herald's industrial school and our two homes in Foochow in the province of Fukien. It was from these activities on the mainland that we were liquidated when the Communists came in more than a decade ago. The President and Madame Chiang, who are Methodists, are among the finest flowering of the Christian missionary enterprise.

Perhaps the most colorful, even startling, of my experiences on this journey was another visit to the offshore island of Quemoy (Kinmen). Madame Chiang Kai-shek again made this possible.

Crossing the Formosa Straits toward Communist China is an experience in itself. From the takeoff at Taipei, we flew south to the Pescadores and then dropping down until we fairly skipped across the white caps, we came directly to the landing beach on Quemoy. Let no one mistake this island for a mere fortress. On it is also a city—Kinmen City—with a population of 30,000, and the plains facing the mainland are crowded with agricultural activities.

(Continued on page 53)



THE SILVER DOLLAR

By ESTER MILLER MALMSTROM

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE

IT WAS THE YEAR 1913, and life on our Iowa farm was vastly different from the same sort of life today. Work was our theme song and everyone had chores to do. Everyone, that is, except the youngest child in the family. I was that child. I was only five years old and really not much help, although at the time I felt that I was being ignored and left out of things. Sometimes I was allowed to take a half-bushel basket and pick up chips from the woodpile for the kitchen range, and occasionally I was asked to take water to the chickens in a three-pound lard pail. But mostly I was told, "Run along and play, Tess! Can't you see that we're busy?"

Every once in a while my sister Edna, who was 10 years old, would play with me. But more often than not Edna preferred to sit at the piano, picking out gay little tunes with one finger, and whistling to her own accompaniment.

Edna was the middle child. My really big sister, Mae, who was 12, helped in the house and garden and even went to the barn, morning and night, to milk. But when I started after her she'd always turn and shout, "Stay in the house, Tess! You'll be in my way if you come to the barn." This hurt, especially when there were new calves—for I loved all the animals on the place and yearned to pet them. But here, also, my natural instincts were curtailed.

"Don't lean on the fence," my mother would say.

"You might fall in, and then the sow would trample you . . . Yes, I know, the little pigs are having their dinner, but that's no reason why *you* should look for trouble! Go into the house and eat your own dinner."

I'd come outdoors on a windy spring morning with my hair flying and my eyes dancing, and would race toward a field that was being made ready for planting, and my father would shout, "Don't run up to the fence whooping like an Indian—you'll scare the horses!"

"But I wanted to see if I could get to the end of the field row before the team pulled the plow there," I'd tell my father, and he'd frown and say—"Keep away from the fence, that's all I ask!"

It was like that day after day. "Don't pick up the baby chicks, it isn't good for them to be handled . . . Don't wade into the water where the ducks are swimming."

When I was alone I'd talk to myself. I'd say, with a deep resentment, "Some time I'll have a horse or a chicken or a sheep or a kitty that's mine. And I'll hold it and love it and feed it and do what I want with it, and nobody can tell me not to!"

Sometimes Queen, the shepherd dog, would walk along beside me and allow herself to be patted on the head, but mostly Queen was a working dog and had her own chores to do. She rounded up the sheep when they strayed from the fold, and in the evening, at a word from Father, she *(Continued on next page)*

My Window ON THE WORLD

By MARTHA MEISTER KIELY

REVOLT was coming to a slow rolling boil within me! That worn spot on the linoleum just in front of my sink was the hub around which my little world revolved. It wasn't just the dishes that were tearing at my soul. Eternal as that job seemed, it was minor compared with all the peeling and polishing, scraping and scouring, drying and draining, mixing and mashing that went on at this one spot.

My neighbor has a window—a great big beautiful picture window right over her sink. She could watch the children darting around the yard, "supervise" the man across the street as he raked his leaves, keep tabs on the neighborhood comings and goings, even enjoy *my* flower garden. But my kitchen boasted no such window. Chained to my sink by endless household duties, I could only stare at water-splotched faded red geraniums on the tired wall paper.

I wanted a window! I needed a window! More and more of my life was being squeezed into these few square feet in front of the sink and I couldn't even look out at the rest of the world. Every nerve cried out for release from monotony and mundane things, things, things.

But even as I seethed, I knew that my complaint was not entirely justified. It was just one of those moments that every woman knows. The attacks aren't fatal and given time and more work we all recover. How silly of me to dream of a picture window over my sink! It would only give me a better view of the cluttered garage and the dented garbage cans. I had to laugh through my tears at my foolishness.

But then a bubble of inspiration rose from the dishpan. *I could have a window, a picture window, a window on the world!*

Retrieving an old bulletin board from the basement, I nailed it up right over the splotched red geranium wall paper. Now I had a "window" over my sink and needed only to choose my view.

From between the pages of my cook book, I salvaged a poem I had clipped from a magazine months before. It began, "Lord of all pots and pans...." Tacked in the center of my bulletin board, it lifted my eyes and my drooping spirit. Remembering the forlorn refugee children pictured on the cover of a magazine on my kitchen shelf, I invited them to join me at the sink and share their message with me. I found myself peeling the potatoes more thinly while they stood watching. A prayer list, a verse of Scripture, a colored photograph of New England in bloom punctuated my wall and caused my thoughts to soar.

I returned to scouring the skillet. The water had cooled, the grease was stubborn, but I had a window. I could look out—and up. Each day, new scenes, new neighbors, new opportunities would march before my eyes. Only my hands would be the servant of "things." My mind and spirit would roam the world. ■

was off to bring in the cows. She slept in the barn and only came to the house for table scraps which Mother put out after supper.

Perhaps I loved the horses more than any of the other animals. If so, I inherited my feeling from my father, who had the best kept teams in the neighborhood. There was a big draft team that did the really hard work around the farm. Their names were Pete and Daisy, and on a hot summer day father would stop them in the fields at regular intervals, so that they'd have a chance to rest. He might drive himself to exhaustion, but never his horses!

Then there was the matched bay team—lighter in build than the draft team, and much more lively; the draft team plodded, the bays danced! They were meant for use on the carriage or the spring wagon or for the very easiest hauling.

A never-forgotten experience in my young life was the time when my father left the farm in the capable hands of the hired man and started out, with his whole family, in the cool gray dawn, to drive to Oskaloosa, 50 miles away. The horses kept a brisk pace. In the middle of the fore noon when the heat of the day was begging to be felt Father slowed the team, and at noon they had a nice long rest, while Mother set out the lunch she'd brought. We'd stopped in a farmer's yard, after Father had gone to the door and asked permission. He'd brought along his own grain for the horses, but the farmer's wife told him to water them at the big trough in the lot, which was filled by the turning of a windmill. When we'd settled down to eat, a young girl brought us a pitcher of milk and cool slices of canteloupe—it was the first time I'd ever tasted canteloupe. Early evening found us drawing up in front of my uncle's house, and the team hardly had a lather after the long trek.

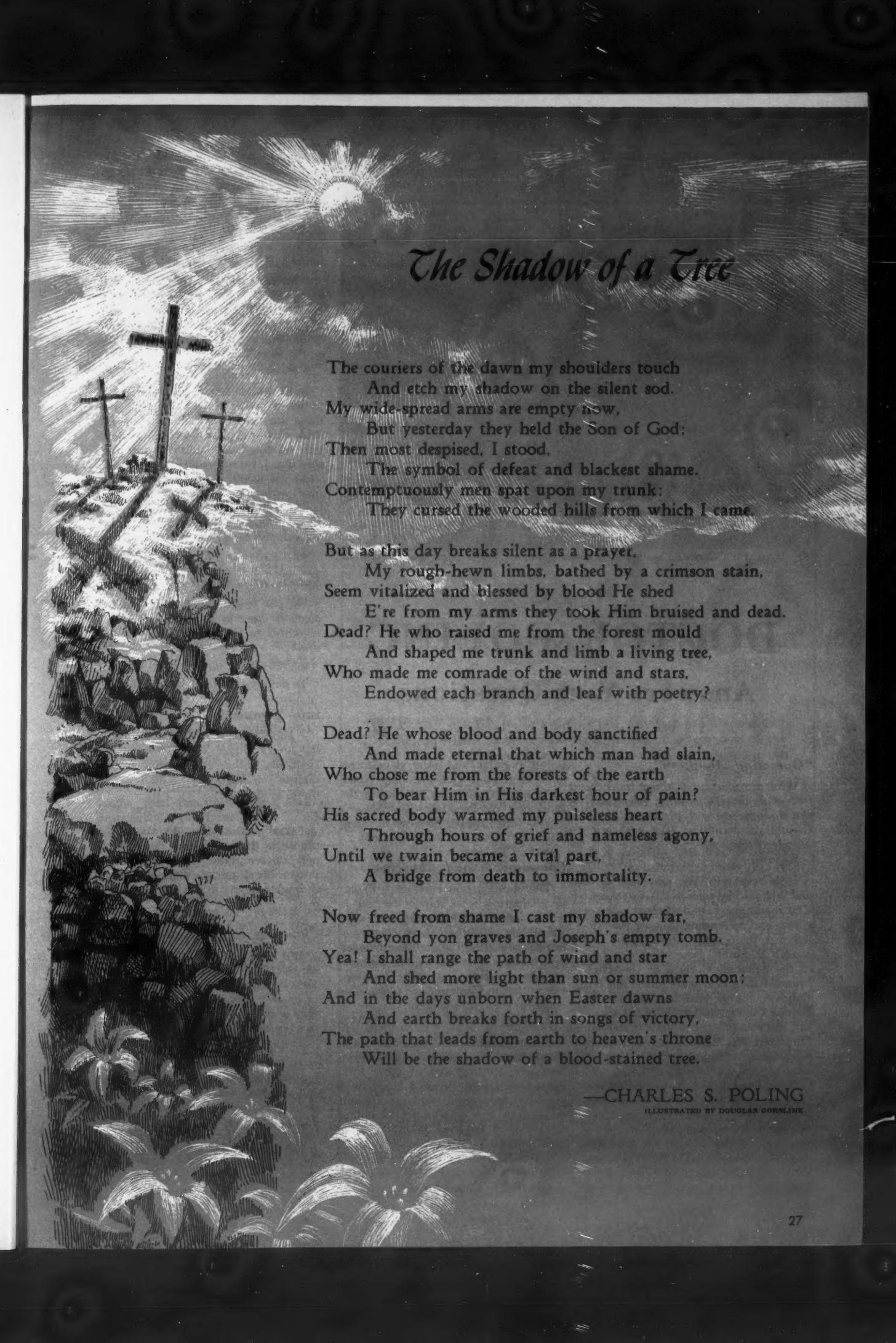
In one of Mae's picture books there was the story of a little girl who had her own pony, named Tommy, and the girl rode him every place. I dreamed of the day when I'd have a pony—and, of course, his name would be Tommy. How I longed for something of my own, something alive!

And then the miracle happened.

One morning, in mid-summer, everyone was busy but me. Father was in the pasture, Mother and Mae were cleaning the upstairs rooms, all the comforters and quilts were blowing on the line, the feather pillows, fastened to the clothesline with many pins, hung fat and stiff in the warm sun.

Edna, my middle sister, was in the kitchen cleaning the flatware. She sat at the table with a jar of silver polish and had an old sock of Father's over

(Continued on page 30)



The Shadow of a Tree

The couriers of the dawn my shoulders touch
And etch my shadow on the silent sod.
My wide-spread arms are empty now,
But yesterday they held the Son of God;
Then most despised, I stood,
The symbol of defeat and blackest shame.
Contemptuously men spat upon my trunk:
They cursed the wooded hills from which I came.

But as this day breaks silent as a prayer.
My rough-hewn limbs, bathed by a crimson stain,
Seem vitalized and blessed by blood He shed
E're from my arms they took Him bruised and dead.
Dead? He who raised me from the forest mould
And shaped me trunk and limb a living tree,
Who made me comrade of the wind and stars,
Endowed each branch and leaf with poetry?

Dead? He whose blood and body sanctified
And made eternal that which man had slain,
Who chose me from the forests of the earth
To bear Him in His darkest hour of pain?
His sacred body warmed my pulseless heart
Through hours of grief and nameless agony,
Until we twain became a vital part,
A bridge from death to immortality.

Now freed from shame I cast my shadow far,
Beyond yon graves and Joseph's empty tomb.
Yea! I shall range the path of wind and star
And shed more light than sun or summer moon;
And in the days unborn when Easter dawns
And earth breaks forth in songs of victory,
The path that leads from earth to heaven's throne
Will be the shadow of a blood-stained tree.

—CHARLES S. POLING

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



The Editor and Mrs. Poling right, look on proudly as Secretary of the Army Wilbur M. Brucker shakes hands with their grandson, Clark Poling, Jr., after awarding him a Medal for Heroism for his father who went down on the Dorchester. The scene is Ft. Myer, Va. "Corky's" mother and sister, standing beside him, are all smiles.

DOCTOR POLING Answers Your Questions

"Operation Abolition"

What do you know about the controversial film, "Operation Abolition," the documentary depicting alleged Communist activities? Is it authentic? May we believe it?

KANSAS

L.D.K.

It is authentic. We may believe it and it should be seen by all Americans. This movie has been criticized as inaccurate and misleading. Among the critics are Protestant clergymen. Dr. Joseph B. Hunter, executive secretary of the Arkansas Council of Churches, branded it "a Red scare" film. But Dr. Ralph A. Phelps, president of Ouachita Baptist College in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, after seeing the picture disagreed. He stated that he could not understand why there should be any controversy or why anyone should object to it.

It has been proved that a small group of those who are at least Communist sympathizers promoted demonstrations by college students in May 1960 during hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco. This miserable business is one of the same pattern of such Communist-in-

spired parades and mob demonstrations as greeted Vice President Nixon in Venezuela and that resulted in the cancelling of President Eisenhower's trip to Japan. Make no mistake about this.

Communism and Churches

The social action committee of our denomination issues statements that, in our opinion, are unworthy and even subversive. Also there have been resolutions passed by the National Council of Churches that are, in our opinion, equally unworthy. Are these groups committed to Communism? Often they sound as though they were.

ILLINOIS

MRS. M.S.

I have been concerned with statements issued by social action committees and other groups of some Protestant denominations. I have been equally concerned with resolutions passed by the National Council of Churches. I have made my position clear editorially in CHRISTIAN HERALD and I shall continue to do so. Definitely I do not believe that these groups are committed to Communism. But I have

said before, and I repeat now, that too many individuals and committees by their public statements become of greater value to the Communist conspiracy than are card-bearing members of the Communist Party.

Levity Repulsive

I do not believe that religion and levity should be mixed. Jokes in CHRISTIAN HERALD are repulsive to me. Where in the Bible are levity and laughter associated with religious faith and spirituality?

VIRGINIA

S.L.

In Ecclesiastes 3:4 I find this: "Time to weep and a time to laugh." Also there are many other passages in the Bible that justify laughter. One passage tells us that God laughed. I am very sure that Jesus did—smiled and laughed—else He would never have been popular with little children. Tears and laughter are often very close together. Thank God, even in a rocking world, we can still laugh when laughter is in order!

Spirits and Spiritual Life

Do you believe that the drinking of alcoholic beverages in any form is detrimental to the spiritual life of the drinker?

TEXAS

H.C.A.

Definitely, it would be for me.

Into Temptation

I have trouble with one phrase in the Lord's Prayer. I can't think of our Heavenly Father ever leading us into temptation. That just doesn't belong there, or does it?

CALIFORNIA

Mrs. W.Z.

I feel just as you do about that phrase in the Lord's Prayer—"Lead us not into temptation"—and in my own prayer life I prefer to use, "Lead us through temptation and deliver us from evil."

Changing Denominations

We have moved 16 miles from the church of our present membership and now live within a mile of the church of another denomination in which we find ourselves happy. Are we justified in transferring our membership?

PENNSYLVANIA

P.L.L.

In my opinion, as of this question and the letter accompanying it, you are fully justified.

Geography of Heaven

An elderly friend remarked that all her life she had believed that Heaven was up above in the sky somewhere, but lately she has been having serious

doubts because of all the scientific discoveries in outer space. I replied that these discoveries shouldn't be cause for doubts since Jesus said that the Kingdom of God is within us; that Heaven and the Kingdom are two different names meaning the same thing, that is, the Presence of God. Since God placed man on the Earth, then Heaven or the Kingdom of God is on the earth (that is, in the hearts and souls of men) as well as in outer space. Do you think I commented wisely on this subject?

MARYLAND Mrs. E.B.

A very fine answer indeed.

Jews and Conversion

Is it necessary for Jews to be born again? Are they not the "chosen people"?

PENNSYLVANIA I.C.

If it is necessary for Gentiles and others "to be born again," and it certainly is, then Jews, too, are included. The Scriptures tell us that Jesus chooses us first: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." That settles it so far as He is concerned. But then our choice enters and we may or may not choose Him.

Art and Architecture

What do you think of the Guggenheim Museum in New York City? Have you seen it?

NEW JERSEY L.S.

The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum is a beautiful frame for horrors, with a few, but only a few, "works of art" to mitigate the frenzy. The "Martyrdom of Matthew," for instance, is exactly that! But the building itself—designed by the late, great, Frank Lloyd Wright, is a unique, original, glorious achievement!

Red China Recognition

Our own minister approves of recognition of Red China by allowing her to have a seat in the United Nations. What's the matter with our churches and our country that this sort of thing is increasing? What can we offer our children in the way of hope for the future?

MASSACHUSETTS E.W.R.

This question carries its own answer. I am as troubled as the one asking it because of the attitude of those Protestant leaders who support recognition of Red China and the admission of the Peiping government to the United Nations. To me, this is completely evil. It is a shame for us as Protestants that unanimously the Roman Catholic Church, her clergy and generally her laity, are opposed to recognition and admission while we are divided.



SHIELDS, WASH., D.C.

Next of kin of the heroes of the Dorchester salute flag. See also page 28.

Being Dead, They Yet Speak

By WILBUR M. BRUCKER

WE ARE MET here for a simple but very important ceremony. We are here to recognize by appropriate honor one of the great deeds of history. It is my high privilege to represent the President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower, in presenting to the next of kin of those four chaplains, who gave up their lives in the sinking of the SS *Dorchester* in the icy waters of the North Atlantic on the night of February the 3rd, 1943, special medals of honor for their glorious act of heroism.

In all the annals of history, there is nothing that overshadows this deed by these four chaplains. Brave men in battle individually and collectively have shown heroism, but it remained for four chaplains—men of God—in the sinking of that troopship, in the midst of confusion resulting from its torpedoing, to show supreme heroism. When some troops were without life belts, these intrepid chaplains stripped themselves of their last chance to survive and freely and willingly gave up their own life belts that others might have a chance to live. As the ship tilted and started to sink, the last remaining eyewitnesses testified that they saw these four chaplains locked arm in arm, each man averting his gaze, and together in prayer they went down with the ship. Their deed represents a noble sacrifice of their own lives for others in the highest tradition.

On behalf of our Government—18 years later—we are gathered on this beautiful promontory, at the flagpole of old Fort Myer overlooking the city of Washington, the Capital of our country, to glorify the spirit of their deed. Yonder to our right is Arlington Cemetery where our country's valiant dead sleep. Words cannot express nor enlarge upon the deed of valor which we commemorate today. On behalf of President Eisenhower, I cannot express how dearly

(Continued on next page)

he treasures—as a warrior and a leader of the Great Crusade himself—the example set by these four chaplains. These men, by their stirring deed have indicated for all time that the chaplaincy is an office of inspirational leadership; that this Nation is truly “under God” and must from time to time have a new birth of freedom—not only a physical freedom but a freedom of spirit and particularly the kind of religious spirit that only such a deed can dramatize.

Instead of mourning today, we can rejoice in this opportunity to tell once

again the story of what occurred on February 3rd, 1943, and give this medal of heroism to the nearest of kin of these four deceased first lieutenant chaplains—Chaplain Washington, Chaplain Poling, Chaplain Goode and Chaplain Fox.

May America always live up to the high calling of the spirit of God which has been the ruling passion since the beginning of this Government, as evidenced by the leadership of these great men who went to their death that we might continue to be one Nation under God. ■

The Silver Dollar (Continued from page 26)

her hand. She'd dip into the polish and rub each piece until the last bit of tarnish was gone, then she'd rinse it in a pan of hot soapy water and dry it. I begged to help and Edna at first said yes, but soon decided that I wasn't getting the pieces of silver clean enough. So it was the same story. "Run along and play!"

I didn't run. I wandered disconsolately into the yard. The weather was warm and I didn't need the sweater I was wearing, so I took it off and hung it over the porch railing. I found a stick and played with it for a while, stirring the mud left from last night's rain, and then I walked over to a small coop where a biddy hen was tied with a piece of string. A dozen soft yellow chicks followed her as she pecked here and there. I kept my distance, for I knew by experience that it didn't take much to make the hen shake her feathers and get big and angry.

I moved on toward the barn. I saw a flock of pigeons circle the barn and finally settle down on the ridge of the roof. I went a little closer and wished they'd come down onto the ground so that I could see what made them glisten so in the sunlight. I watched until, sensing my presence, they took to the air and flew out of sight.

I was turning to go back to the house when all at once I heard an unfamiliar noise—it was a little whimper or moan, the sort of sound a baby would make. It came from inside the barn, so I crept close, scarcely daring to breathe, and finally mustered enough courage to step over the threshold.

It was cool and shadowy inside the barn and smelled of cows and milk and horses and hay. Tiptoeing, I followed the sound. It came from somewhere behind the grain bin. Then suddenly I stopped, for I could hardly believe my eyes! There, curled in the hay, lay six of the most beautiful puppies I'd ever seen. They were all brown, like Queen, except that one had a white bib. I knelt beside them, adoringly. I

didn't touch them, only looked, for I remembered my mother's oft-repeated admonition, "It isn't good for small things to be handled."

I got down on the barn floor beside the puppies and was still watching them at noon when Father came into the barn with the draft team. Trotting behind him was Queen, who hurried to her family. The puppies had been asleep, but when Queen lay down beside them they began a clamor that only died down when she started to nurse them. My father came over to stand beside me and I looked up at him with stars in my eyes.

"Father," I cried, "why didn't you tell me about the puppies? I love them all—they're beautiful!"

Father patted my head gently. He said, "We thought we should wait until they were a little bigger, but now you know. You must treat them with care. Don't pick any of them up until I tell you they're big enough."

"Oh, I won't," I told him, "I'll just look at them. I promise." And my father said, "See that you keep your promise!"

And I did keep that promise! Morning, noon and night I sat beside the puppies in their nest. It became a family joke that Tessie no longer lived in the house; she'd moved into the barn with Queen and her babies. But I didn't touch them until the wonderful day when Father picked up the beautiful puppy with the bib and laid it in my arms. From then on he was mine.

The litter grew faster than fast, and soon they were spilling out from the barn and into the yard. I loved them all, but the puppy with the bib was my constant companion. I named him Roderick.

Gradually the babies were weaned, and five of them went home with friends and neighbors. Folks asked about Roderick, too, since he was such a big dog and so well behaved, but Father always said, "My small girl has a fondness for him—I'm planning to keep him!" And I'd never had occasion to doubt my father's word.

So, at last, I had something of my very own—something alive. I took good care of Roderick, brushing and combing his coat until it was like satin. I saved the best of my meat at the table and gave it to him, and saw that he had plenty of fresh warm milk to drink and clean straw in his bed. Life had a new meaning for me. I was in love. My happiness was packed down and running over, my cup was full to the brim.

And then, one hot day in August, a man came driving up to the house just before noon. I'd seen him before—he was the agent for the daily paper my father took, and once a year he drove

(Continued on page 32)

Lines of a Layman

By J. C. PENNEY



If Not the Bomb, What?

Moral and spiritual power released to govern international relations is the only alternative to the atomic bomb and what it represents. There are but two ways for a nation to exist in this world. One is by violence, war and the oppression of weaker neighbors. The other is by Christ's way, which is the way of tolerance, understanding and co-operation. Men must choose between them. Isolation cannot be considered. The globe is becoming more and more a closely knit neighborhood with people living elbow to elbow.

The alternative to the atomic bomb, which means fear, hate and destruction, is Love. Here is a power greater than atomic energy or any other which may yet be discovered. From the very beginning God has been trying to convince men that if they wish to get along they should "love one another." Hundreds of passages from both the Old and New Testament could be quoted here—from Moses to the Apostle John. Love for God and love for man are the twin pillars which support Divine Law. Shatter either or both and nothing remains.

"I Remember"

*Courage is not just
To bare one's bosom
To the sabre-thrust
Alone, in daring.
Courage is to grieve,
To have the hurt
And make the world believe
You are not caring.

Courage does not lie
Alone in dying for a cause.
To die
Is only giving.
Courage is to feel
The daily daggers
Of relentless steel
And keep on living.*

Author unknown
From Mrs. O. E. Flint, Windsor, Vt.



*God grant that I may never be
A scoffer at Eternity
As long as every April brings
The sweet rebirth of growing things;
As long as grass is green anew,
As long as April's skies are blue,
I shall believe that God looks down
Upon His wide earth, cold and brown,
To bless its unborn mystery
Of leaf, and bud, and flower to be;
To smile on it from tender skies,
How could I think it otherwise?
Had I been dust for many a year,
I still would know when Spring was near,
For the good earth that pillow'd me
Would whisper immortality,
And I, in part, would rise and sing
Amid the grasses murmuring.
When looking on the mother sod
Can I hold doubt that this be God?
Or when a primrose smiles at me,
Can I distrust Eternity?*

Sara Henderson Hay
From Helen Marnie, Minneapolis, Minn.

*I never hear a rooster crow
But, arrow-like, my heart must go
Across the arc of time and space
To seek a once-familiar place.
Upon a moment's tiny plane
I see the house I loved again,
Smell woodfire in the old black stove.
Walk pine-strewn paths I used to rove,
Hear church bells stir the sleepy air.
The sounds of country everywhere.
To these my heart must always go.
What times I hear a rooster crow.*

Lee Avery
From Ruth K. McCall, West Milford, W. Va.

*And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest.*

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

*Good morning, merry sunshine.
How did you wake so soon?
You've scared the little stars away,
And shined away the moon;
I saw you go to sleep last night
Before I ceased my playing.
How did you get 'way over here,
And where have you been staying?*

*I never go to sleep, dear;
I just go round to see
My little children of the East
Who rise and watch for me.
I waken all the birds and bees,
And flowers on the way,
And last of all the little child
Who stayed out late to play.*

Author unknown
From Mary Sampson, Lyons, N.J.

HAVE you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things—in merely doing kind things? He spent a great proportion of His time simply in making people happy, in doing good turns to people. There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness; and it is not in our keeping; but what God has put in our power is the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them.

"The greatest thing," says someone, "a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children."—Henry Drummond in *The Greatest Thing in the World*

*Age is the top of a mountain high,
Rarer the air and blue;
A long hard climb, a bit of fatigue,
But oh—what a wonderful view!*

Author unknown
From E. M. Zook, Rio, Ill.



*God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie!*

—Josiah Gilbert Holland
From Carl H. Lattner, Overland, Mo.

Selected by
RACHEL HARTMAN





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(Continued from page 30)

through the countryside, collecting subscriptions. He usually made it to our farm along toward evening and spent the night with us. He and father would sit up late and talk of weather, farm products, politics and what the world was coming to. On this special day the man told Father he intended to spend the night in Brighton, but would be glad to have dinner with us. And Father sent me to tell Mother, who began to sputter, and give orders.

"Edna, take off that tablecloth and get a clean one—put in another leaf. Mae, peel a few more potatoes, and then run to the cave and get some pickles, and—oh, yes, some peaches for dessert. If I'd expected company I'd have baked some pies." Her voice was plaintive. "Tess, please get out from under foot."

So I went into the yard—and stopped short, for a boy about 12 years old had got out of the buggy. He was fat and overgrown and sullen and I didn't like him. My father and the other man went into the barn with the horse, to feed it, and the boy and I stood and stared at each other.

"I live in town," he told me.

"I'd hate to live in town," I retorted.

"My papa lets me drive his horse sometimes."

"I'm going to get a pony."

"I'm going to get a dog."

"I have a dog," I bragged. "His name is Roderick."

"Can I see him?" Something like interest came into the boy's eyes.

So, unsuspecting, I called Roderick and he came running and tumbling in ecstasy at being wanted. The boy whistled and Roderick, in the silly exuberance of youth, left me and hurled himself on the stranger and licked his hands and face. When the boy knelt to pick him up, there was a strange look in his eyes; I was too young to realize that he was making plans.

Soon Mother called us to dinner and we all trooped to the washstand, and then to the table. In 1913 children had dinner with their elders, but they ate silently, never entering into the adult conversation. After dinner Father opened his worn old wallet and paid the agent for the paper, and the agent said he'd like to settle up for the excellent dinner, but Father said, "Nothing doing! We were glad to have you and your fine son."

And then the two men went out to the barn and hitched up the horse, and Mae and Edna and Mother cleared the table and then we all went onto the porch to tell the guests good-by. The fat boy was holding Roderick as he stood beside the buggy, and all at once my heart sank down in the soles of my shoes. I guess I knew what Father was going to say.

Contest Prize Winner

HOME to Ester Miller Malmstrom, third prize winner in the CHRISTIAN HERALD story contest, is a 160-acre "highway farm" with a small herd of registered black Angus cattle near Preston, Missouri. With her electrician husband she has lived in Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Utah, Iowa, and California, but hopes to spend the rest of her life in this spot where she can look up from her book or handwork and see out her picture window deer grazing unafraid in the gently rolling meadow beyond the highway.

"We have three wonderful children," she writes—"but what mother doesn't say that? Between them, they have given us four handsome grandsons and two lovely little granddaughters." The Malmstroms attend the Baptist Church in Macks Creek, Missouri, "a beautiful little valley town of about 100 inhabitants." Her writing revives an interest of pre-marriage, school-teaching days.

"Tess," he told me, "the boy has taken a fancy to Roderick, and I told him you wouldn't mind giving up dog."

For a moment I couldn't believe I'd heard right. Roderick was mine, a part of me. I'd rather have given away Mae or Edna, much rather.

"No, no," I shrieked, "I won't give him up—he's mine!"

Father's face grew very red and everyone looked uncomfortable, except the fat boy, who held the dog tighter. And then the agent stepped over to me and said pompously, "Lookee here, sis," he said, "see this bright new dollar? It's all yours if you'll let my boy have your dog. You can buy yourself something when you go to town!" He forced the silver dollar into my hand and turned to the buggy.

I stared down at the dollar. The most money I'd ever had before was a quarter my uncle had given me on my birthday. I kept it in a little pill box on the dresser in the bedroom I shared with Edna—it was much too wonderful to spend. I didn't know about the value of money, but I did know that this was worth a lot more than a quarter. Maybe it would buy a beautiful collar for Roderick, like the one I'd seen in the Sears' catalogue—but I wouldn't have Roderick! I couldn't give him up—I couldn't. I started to cry again, but the agent and his son, still clutching Roderick, had climbed into the buggy and were pulling out of the driveway.

"Bring him back—please bring him back," I sobbed, but they drove on. And my father told me sternly, "This has gone far enough, Tess. So much fuss over a dog—it's ridiculous! You can have another, so hush." He turned away and my streaming eyes followed him with bewilderment.

I stood for a moment, as if I were rooted to the ground, and then I realized that I still held the hateful dollar in my hand, and I raised my arm and threw the dollar as far as I could. It hit the ground, glimmered like a star in the grass, and then rolled into a ditch beside the road. I turned from mother's pitying glance, from my sisters, who tried to comfort me, and ran into the house. From the upstairs room I could look out of the north window and see the buggy as it crossed the bridge and turned toward Brighton. I pictured myself running after the buggy and catching up with it and scratching the boy's fat face and snatching Roderick from him.

But, of course, it was only my mind that ran after them. My real self stood at the window and watched until the buggy was out of sight, and then I whispered fiercely—for I was a child, then, in the throes of her first heartbreak, "I'll never love anything again, as long as I live!"

Mae and Edna, and even Mother and Father, searched for the silver dollar many times, but I pretended I didn't know what they were doing. And I was glad—glad—glad—that they never found it!

After the first hard rain the soil washed over it, so that it was buried like a seed in the ground. But nothing ever grew from it. Not a flower for beauty, not a tree for shade, not a stalk of grain for food, not a memory for happiness.

It was only a piece of silver. ■

The Aging (Continued from page 12)

to ask her two sons to contribute a small monthly sum to her; both can afford it. I have suggested that she move in with them; one is ready to have her. But she wants her independence and will cling to it until she becomes a helpless cripple. She will then eat up her savings in nursing homes, sell her home to keep going and may, if forced to it, ultimately turn to welfare rather than burden her sons."

And the minister himself asks, "Why?" He points out, "Every person's life, to be sound, requires both independence and interdependence. The family is the ideal place for the development of both. But this extreme concept of independence is destroying the family."

Perhaps the fierce demand for independence from children is an anachronism. It may have fit into past patterns of family living; it doesn't fit today.

Note the contrast between the old family pattern and the new. A generation or two ago, children pitched in and helped in the family's economic

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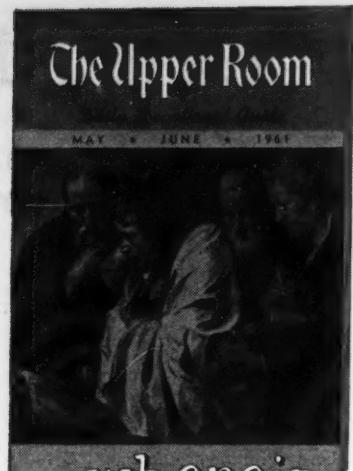
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struggle almost as soon as they were up on their feet. Small children worked on the farms, young boys went off and got jobs at 14 or 15; a youngster was expected to get out and help win the family's bread as soon as he had the brain and brawn to do so. Girls from the time they were eight or nine performed the family's domestic labor—cooking, clothes-washing, floor-scrubbing, housecleaning.

Today the boy of 14 is not expected (or even permitted by law) to go out to work, and the girl contributes precious little of domestic labor aside from occasionally snapping the electric dishwasher on and off. Instead these youngsters are kept in school and remain almost totally dependent upon their parents until they have at least graduated from high school and sometimes until they complete college at 22. Often the parents are called upon even to provide financial support for the would-be doctor or engineer who must be educated until he is in his middle or late twenties.

Thus the contribution of parents these days is much greater. Haven't they a perfect right, then, to receive the return contribution from their children later in their own lives—a deferred repayment, as it were? Shouldn't the increased contribution they have made to their children in their younger days in the form of a much-prolonged period of rearing and education be as good a security, now that they are old, as money in the bank? Many of today's elders might have considerable money in the bank were it not that they lovingly and selflessly put that money to work rearing and educating their children.

Life changes a great deal from generation to generation. Certainly it has changed many times and in many ways since Biblical days. But has there been any juncture in human history when the Biblical injunction, "Honor thy father and thy mother," has not been valid? If it was valid in the foothills of Sinai and in the world of ancient Rome and in the manors of the Middle Ages and in the colonies of the New World—have we turned some abrupt corner in the affairs of God and man so that it is suddenly invalid today?

The boy on the radio said that "old-age pension" would take care of his mother. Many like him, not young boys but adult children, are similarly willing to stand aside and let the Federal Government, the State, the Welfare Department or some bureau or other "take care of Mother."

Much is said of *loyalty* these days. Isn't this, at the heart of it, a question of loyalty? One outspoken witness before the U. S. Senate Subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging thought it definitely was. Msgr. A. C.

Dalton, Director of Catholic Hospitals, the Archdiocese of Boston, testified:

"The State can never give to the aged warmth, appreciation and tender concern. This is the heart of the problem, which to me is essentially a moral one. . . . More and more have the State and Federal Governments, at least in appearance, shifted the responsibilities of parents and children from the human to the institution. It would appear that only too often paternalism has been the answer or the escape by which responsibilities have been avoided.

"We belabor loyalty. We decry the findings that one out of every three servicemen who served in our nation's forces in the Korean War was disloyal, when taken prisoner, to the point of some collaboration with the enemy. Has not the Government itself, by the assumption of duties inherent in the family, helped to rid many of the basic idea of loyalty and fidelity to one's own flesh and blood?

"It would appear that the first step in the process of insuring a good old age for the minority of our aged would be the awakening of the public conscience to a realization of its familial obligations. Since the trend has been so great and so far in the opposite direction, I would like to recommend to this honorable committee that due consideration be given to the enactment of a law or laws by which family members could be aroused to a sense of duty under the law, a law that of necessity would possess, as the saying goes, teeth. Perhaps it would even occur that, being prodded by the law, those laboring under legal compulsion might eventually come back to the original family concept of the fulfillment of duty because of love."

Perhaps asking for legal compulsion is putting the matter rather strongly. Bringing ourselves up to date in our social attitudes might be far more effective. Public opinion has been called the strongest force on earth. We need to harness its great energy toward strengthening the family bond. Indeed we need to strengthen that bond just as the Communist world has done its utmost to destroy the bond. Chinese culture, in the past, was rooted deeply in the staunchest kind of family loyalties, springing from the philosophy of Confucius. But, as Psychologist Gardner Murphy points out, "Communist China has developed its anti-Confucian message to a point where the young man or woman must not only denounce his father and mother and all obligations to his ancestors, but must learn to deride and vilify his parents as narrow, bigoted, petty, cheap, mean and coarse exponents of a vicious tradition."

Dr. Murphy warns, "It is through the breaking of the Confucian family, say

the Reds, that a new pattern of human interdependence must be created. If this is so, we may well take note of the ways in which our own alteration of family structure may change American life at large, and what it may portend for the world as a whole."

We need to ask ourselves some searching questions: Why shouldn't aging parents, if they have done their job of raising their children and shoudered the burden of extended education, be able to accept warmly and graciously a helping hand from those for whom they have toiled? Does the loyalty of children end after they have received all their parents can give—or is it now their turn to pay back? Should parents turn to strangers, to the waiting line and the identification card at some impersonal bureau, to reap the dividend for all the love and toil they have invested in, as Msgr. Dalton put it, their "own flesh and blood"?

Much has been said about the difficulty adult children have in creating a satisfactory relationship with their aging parents. Certainly there is difficulty. But we need not scuttle the relationship; we need to improve it. Young people today have been called the "gutless generation" because they quit too easily: when marriage is difficult they are too quick to give up; they strike their colors too readily when the raising of children becomes difficult, and many are ready to surrender in their attempts to make a good relationship with their aging parents.

We have accepted virtually as a fact that three generations cannot live satisfactorily under one roof, that it is no longer possible to have a successful home if Grandma and Grandpa are in it. Why does living together suddenly become so difficult when our parents are old and we must take care of them? It didn't seem so difficult when our parents were young and they took care of us! The young woman whose marriage blows up doesn't hesitate to "go home to Mother." Why all the problem if Mother comes home to her?

The difficulties of adult children and their parents living together often are ascribed to architecture. Houses are too small; people live in apartments. But this is superficial. The true problem is *human architecture*. And herein is a challenge for today. There is much that can be done to improve the basic relationship between the two generations. We may not be able to remake the relationship overnight, but we can improve it little by little. Each step will be rewarding not only to us—but to our parents, too.

This is the logical generation to start the ball rolling, for it is to this generation that has come the realization that we, as a nation, are an aging people.

(Continued on next page)

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More of us are going to have our parents with us in adulthood, and we are going to have them for a longer time. Why not make the most of this relationship? Why not get more out of it for ourselves? Why not give more to our parents?

The first step is to get our parents "into focus." We must change our view of them from the child's picture of omnipotent, omniscient creatures, whose function is to gratify our needs and solve our problems, to the grown-up's picture of fellow adults who are pretty much like other human beings and have needs, problems of their own.

It may come as a shock to realize that our parents are, after all, quite as human as Mr. and Mrs. Jones, our neighbors. We've been used to thinking of them as very special people—"Mother" and "Dad," who are not really like anyone else in the world, who are somewhat unreal, somewhat *extra*-human. But when it dawns on us that they are human beings just like ourselves we are at least ready to start building a mature relationship. We gain a new respect for their strength, a new appreciation of their weaknesses.

This first step is sometimes called the "return to the parents." We have passed through the childhood stage of attachment and dependency, we have weathered the adolescent stage of rebellion—and now we return to meet our parents on adult ground. The age difference begins to dwindle away. There is no inherent difference between grownups who happen to be twenty or thirty years apart in age. We can make as good friends of our parents as we can of neighbors down the street or co-workers at the office who happen to be chronologically older than we are—if we can get our parents into adult focus.

In grown-up relations it is not chronological age but emotional age which counts. Thus, in returning to our parents, we meet them more or less as equals. They are independent; we are independent. It is from this mutual autonomy that the best of adult relationships spring. Neither is tied to the other, dominated by the other or overshadowed by the other. And thus free and voluntary friendship has the soil it needs for growth.

Parents need to be jogged a little, too, to make them realize that their children have grown up. If Mother insists on saying to her 35-year-old son, "George, you ought to wear your rubbers—it's raining," it would be better for George to remind her that he is an adult and adults look after themselves, rather than docilely letting it pass and later resenting it inwardly. The cold George might get from not wearing rubbers would not be half as bad as emotional bronchitis.

And Mary, when told, at the age of

32, "You shouldn't buy that hat. Spend the money for pillowcases," would be wise to reply, "Don't you trouble about my budget, Mother. If I overshoot the mark, that's something for me to work out with my husband. He's responsible for earning the money and I'm responsible for budgeting it intelligently. Remember, you were in the same boat once—and I'm sure you liked steering it yourself!"

The second step in creating a new and better relationship is to recognize our parents' needs. As children we didn't think our parents needed anything; they seemed entirely self-sufficient, lords and masters of all they surveyed. Now we know better.

They need emotional security. When we were children our security was tied to *them*, but as we become adults our parents' security gradually becomes tied to *us*. The tide turns. Our parents look to us for security from aloneness, from abandonment, from rejection.

Parents also need approval. We know how as children (and as adults, too), we hungrily need people to approve of us. But, as children, we never thought our parents needed that; they themselves were the founts of all approval. Now we must see that they, too, are flesh and blood. They need the pat on the back, the words of acceptance.

PARENTS need, too, a sense of importance. This is where some of the worst snags are hit. For—let's face it—life drains away the importance of parents. Father is no longer the head of the house, the breadwinner, the judge, the rock and the strength. He may have retired from business or let younger men take over. Careerwise, he is a "has-been." Mother no longer runs the family. She is no longer the maker of decisions, the one others depend on.

In Tacoma, Wash., a man came for counseling to the Rev. Andrew Warner of the State Council for the Aging Population. The man complained, "I can't get along with my father. I'm married and have children of my own, but my father still tries to boss the whole family."

It took patient counseling to help this man see that his father wasn't just being ornery. His father had managed a small foundry before he retired. He had run the business and been boss to the workers. Now he was trying to feel important again by bossing and running the family.

"Try an experiment," Mr. Warner suggested. "Seek your father's advice on a few things. Give him the importance he's entitled to. Treat him like an elder statesman."

Not surprisingly, after a few months of this, the father was no longer bossing the family. He didn't *need* to—he felt important.

A Tacoma woman complained, "My mother is so opinionated. She won't let me make up my own mind on anything. On any subject—cooking, raising the children, running the house—she thinks she knows more than I do."

"Well, once upon a time she did," the Rev. Mr. Warner counseled. "But she has lost her position of importance in the family. The family doesn't revolve around her any more. *All she has left are her opinions.*"

He suggested that listening to these opinions, even seeking them out—instead of crossing them—would give the older woman the sense of importance she was groping for. The daughter tried it. She came back to Mr. Warner some weeks later to report, "You know what Mother said to me yesterday? She said, 'Oh, why don't you make up your own mind once in a while!'"

The final step toward a mature relationship is helping aged parents find their true place in the family: the *status* to which they are entitled. Status is important to all of us. We have to know who we are. In other cultures status was not a critical problem of the aged; they automatically graduated with the years to what sociologists call an "ascribed status." They were venerated simply because they had achieved old age. They were revered because they had the wisdom of experience. Within the family they automatically graduated to matriarch and patriarch.

Thus the status of the aged in the family was *ascribed* to them; they didn't have to worry about it, no one questioned it, there was no doubt about it. In the cockiness of the modern era, with its youth-worship and its tendency to write-off if not to denigrate the wisdom of age and experience, old folks in the family can easily sink into the feeling that they have hardly any status, or no status at all, or even the negative status of an unwanted burden.

Can we, who call ourselves humanitarians, look straight at this situation with a clear eye and identify it for what it truly is? It is the oppression of a minority. It is the denial of a human right as basic as any of the freedoms we hold sacred: the right to feel that you are somebody. When a human being is made to feel that he is nobody, deprived of status, he is discriminated against, oppressed, and—psychologically—even persecuted.

Denial of status was a crushing aspect of the persecution of the Jews in Nazi Germany, and denial of status is at the core of discrimination against the Negro today wherever it is practiced. We recognize these oppressions of minorities. It is high time we recognize, too, that denial of status is oppression of a minority to which we all are destined to belong some day if we live to

(Continued on page 72)

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Daily meditations



By ROBERT E. LUCCOCK

Saturday, April 1

READ: I PETER 3:19, EPHESIANS 4:8, 9

Where was Jesus between His crucifixion and resurrection? The Church has believed from the beginning that Jesus "descended into hell." However one may interpret that faith, there is both truth and comfort in the persuasion that Jesus did, and that He still does, go to offer salvation to those who had no chance to repent and believe.

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day didst make Thy triumph over death and sin, and having harrowed Hell, didst bring away captivity thence captive, us to win. Amen.

Sunday, April 2

No words give better direction for meditation at Easter than those of the New Testament itself. Will you read this week

MATTHEW 28, LUKE 24, JOHN 20, 21.

The daily readings which follow will consider six of the appearances of the risen Lord, reported in these chapters. Each will show forth one great consequence of the resurrection. Before you read the meditations which follow, what have been the consequences of Easter for you?

The powers of death have done their worst, but Christ their legions hath dispersed; let shouts of holy joy outburst, Alleluia!

Monday, April 3

READ: JOHN 20:11-17

The consequence to Mary, who a moment before had "stood weeping," was the turning of sorrow into joy: "Rabbomi!" The first of six words which spell the consequence of Easter is cheer. "Be of good cheer" Christ beseeched His disciples in the Upper Room. Consider how we can be of good cheer when we know that death's power has been broken.

May our good cheer be testament of the truth of the resurrection. Amen.

Tuesday, April 4

READ: JOHN 20:24-29

Doubting Thomas! The adjective has fastened itself onto Thomas' name for all time. Those of hesitant faith are called doubting Thomases. They have to be shown; the report of others is not enough. But when Thomas came face to face with Christ Himself doubt changed to certainty. And so it has across all the years whenever Christ has confronted men and women. Mistrust

vaniishes; assurance takes its place. It is one of the most persuasive evidences of the reality of the resurrection that doubts are settled by Christ. The second word of Easter consequence is conviction. "When it does take place you may believe." (John 14:29)

Let our doubts be cast away by the conviction of Thy presence with us.

Wednesday, April 5

READ: JOHN 20:19-22

"The doors being shut . . . for fear . . . then the disciples were glad." This is the difference Easter Day made to the disciples. Bliss Perry once wrote: "Easter begins, like all deep things, in mystery, and it ends, like all high things, in a great courage." Courage is the third word to make up the glorious consequence of the resurrection. As the first disciples were not afraid to return again to Jerusalem, so later disciples have not recoiled from threat.

May the peace of knowing Christ's resurrection make firm our courage to face the days' demands. Amen.

Thursday, April 6

READ: JOHN 21:15-19

Three times in the courtyard of the



Dr. Robert E. Luccock is fifth in a direct line of ministers. Ordained to the Methodist ministry, as were his father and grandfather, Dr. Luccock has served a Congregational church since 1949—Church of the Redeemer in New Haven, Connecticut. He's quite at home in New Haven since it is his birthplace and he studied at Yale before taking his seminary training. Three books of his sermons have been published as well as numerous articles in religious magazines. Last winter he conducted a tour of 14 people through the Middle East as part of President Eisenhower's "People to People" good-will program.

high priest, Peter denied his Master. Now three times on the shores of Galilee, Peter is asked, "Do you love me?" by the Christ whom he forsook. What a difference this day of resurrection meant to Peter! Never was a man more wonderfully forgiven, nor more highly commissioned. "Feed my lambs . . . Tend my sheep . . . Feed my sheep." With what more glorious task could anyone be entrusted? Glorious—but foreshadowed by the death with which Peter was to glorify God. The miracle of the resurrection meant for Peter the transformation of failure into *consecration*, our fourth word which spells both the truth and meaning of Easter.

Where we have failed or denied Thee, forgive us, O God; then consecrate us to do Thy will. Amen.

Friday, April 7

READ: LUKE 24:50-53

If all other reasons for belief in the resurrection were somehow to be explained away, faith would still have the Church. Following the crucifixion the disciples lost all hope: "We had hoped that he was the one to redeem Israel." Then came the astounding appearance of the risen Christ and the disciples returned and "were continually in the Temple." Luke concludes his first book here; his second volume, Acts, tells the story of the birth of the Christian Church. That birth came by the resurrection or it would not have come at all. *Church* is our fifth word spelling out the consequence of Easter.

We thank Thee, O God, for the living body of the risen Lord. Make us true members of His body. Amen.

Saturday, April 8

READ: LUKE 24:13-35

There is one more consequence of Easter suggested by the beautiful story of Emmaus. "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked to us on the road?" The disciples recognized, in their reflection, that they had had a direct personal encounter with the Spirit of their Lord. This had warmed their hearts. The resurrection was immediately and personally validated to them.

Elsewhere in the New Testament is a word to think of here: *Charisma*, a Greek word meaning *gift of God*. The disciples, and all who have believed after them, received the gift of God's grace and they knew within themselves that Christ was King of kings and Lord of lords forever and ever.

By the ways of cheer, conviction, courage, consecration, church, charisma we know Jesus Christ in the power of His resurrection. Thanks be to Thee, through Him. Amen.



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Sunday, April 9

READ: PSALM 122, ACTS 2:46

According to some church calendars this is Low Sunday, in contrast to the high festival of Easter, with the Latin designation *dominica in albis*. It occurs that the simple addition of one letter "i" makes it *dominica in albis*—and how many alibis one hears for neglect of what Easter means when it's passed!

We may well think today of the abiding peace and security which attends faithfulness in worship, so beautifully expressed in the 122nd Psalm. If the high joy of Easter is more than hollow vanity it should cause us to return in loyalty and discipline to the community in which Christ lives.

*Let our spirits this day be faithful,
glad and generous in Thy praise. In
Jesus' name, Amen.*

Monday, April 10

READ: HEBREWS 11:32-40

In one of the choruses from Aeschylus' tragedy "Orestes," are the words: "It is the eternal rule that drops of blood spilt on the ground demand yet other blood." This should speak to Christian imagination, not in the sense of retribution—blood for blood—but in another sense. Because blood has been spilled for us—by those who poured out their life's blood in suffering and sacrifice for our sakes, above all by Christ Himself—this demands that we "spill our own blood" for the sake of what has been given to us. To what great purposes are we committed in response to the great suffering offered for us?

Our Father, bring to our awareness the full measure of blood, sweat, toil and tears poured out for us, and make us ready to return the same unto Thee.

Tuesday, April 11

READ: MATTHEW 10:38, 39

Rudyard Kipling once wrote about the years he lived in Brattleboro, Vermont: "And so four years passed and a good deal of verse and prose saw the light. Better than all, I had known a corner of the United States as a householder, which is the only way of getting at a country. Tourists may carry away impressions, but it is the seasonal detail of small things."

How can one ever know what it means to love God and to serve the cause of Christ except as a householder—except as one who lives *within the faith and discipline of Christian life*? "Religious tourists" can have only impressions, and these seasonal details. We must take up residence and move in.

Help us, O God, to make our true dwelling within the demands and promises of Christ. Amen.

Wednesday, April 12

READ: PSALM 95:1-6

Coming from a session with his telescope, an astronomer remarked: "This does away with a six-foot god; you cannot shake hands with the Creator of what this reveals." He was right, as anyone would agree who has looked through a telescope or microscope. "The Lord is a great God." The psalmist who wrote that would not call God a "living doll" nor suppose he could be "buddy-buddy" with the Almighty, as so much irreverent sentimentality suggests in our day. God is high and lifted up. He does know us by name, is closer to us than breathing, makes His dwelling with those who are of contrite heart. But He is also the Lord of creation. We do well to renew our awareness of how great our God is.

*We bow before Thy majesty, O God,
we answer to Thy love. Amen.*

Thursday, April 13

READ: ISAIAH 55:6, DEUTERONOMY 4:29

The promises of the Scripture today, as well as men's continuing experience, give assurance that we are often nearest to God when we least expect Him, in our questions, our doubts, our common daily tasks. "They Wist Not," says Thomas Kelly of these persons.

"I cannot find Him," said the scientist, as he pushed aside the leaf to peer beneath. "I cannot understand Him," said the architect, as he took up again his creative work. "I know not what He is like," said the student, as he turned from his Father and went back to his books. "I can't believe that He cares," said the mother, as she began her song near the crib.

*O God, open our eyes to see, our
ears to hear and our minds to know Thy
presence. In Jesus' name, Amen.*

Friday, April 14

READ: JOHN 4:34

Schubert's so-called *Unfinished Symphony* was not completed, yet the two movements which he wrote were *finished* in their art and the fulfillment of the composer's purpose. It is related that one of Mendelssohn's pupils used to get him up in the morning by seating himself at the piano, in the room under Mendelssohn's bedroom, and playing an unresolved chord, with his foot on the loud pedal. This was too much for Mendelssohn. He had to jump out of bed and run downstairs to resolve the chord. There are many unresolved chords in our Father's work in the world. Blessed is the man or woman who cannot rest till they are "finished."

*God of all harmonies, so tune our
hearing and compassion that we may*

be unsatisfied while Thy work is unresolved. Amen.

Saturday, April 15

READ: LUKE 19:1-9

An elderly woman became confused in a Chicago subway station. She tried repeatedly to walk up a descending escalator.

The world is full of people, and most of us among them, trying pathetically to climb descending escalators, systems in society that deny the brotherhood of all races, parochial loyalties that contradict our oneness in Christ. These are descending orders of life.

If we are working or walking against Thy purposes for any community, turn us about, O God, and show us the stairs of Thy Will. Amen.

Sunday, April 16

READ: HEBREWS 2:8, 9

"We do not yet see everything... but we see Jesus." To so edit these verses and join them in one abbreviated text does not alter their meaning. The result is one of the great affirmations of faith, offering solid ground for those troubled in faith to stand on. Canon V. A. Demant has put it another way: "Christian faith does not free me from perplexity; it does enable me to live with a lot of unsolved problems." There are many things we do not see—how some family problems will be solved, how our nation can solve its social and economic problems, how the peace can be secured. In the meantime we have hope and guidance for each day because God is still God, and we do see His power and His Will in Christ.

Help us to abide our unsolved problems knowing that Thou canst make us able for all things. In Jesus' name.

Monday, April 17

READ: I TIMOTHY 6:17-19

In Rodgers' and Hammerstein's musical *Carousel* a young man and woman daydream about how wonderful their life together will be. In the lyrics which they sing comes the line: "When today is a long time ago." The words suggest a consideration that ought never to be far from anyone's thought. We cannot know what the outward circumstances of life will be on that distant day; so far as character and commitment, philosophy and sympathies are concerned, the future will be a continuation and a consequence of the present. What we do when today is today will determine what we will be when today is a long time ago.

Help us, our Father, to lay a good foundation today so that we may take hold of the life which is life indeed.



Recently the Communists entered their village. They killed the elder or mayor and they put a rope around the neck of his granddaughter, a fine, intelligent girl 20 years old who could read, write and speak two languages and who was loved by everybody. They also put a rope around Mr. Hiet's neck, a Christian pastor and leader. They forced them to a five-day march and then buried them alive. Mrs. Hiet now has no husband and the children no father. They are all hungry for they have no income and no one to help them because hundreds of other families have lost their husbands, who were either killed fighting the Communists or carried north to Communist forced labor camps.

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Tuesday, April 18

READ: JOHN 11:35

That is the shortest verse in the Bible. Two words—but what volumes they speak, what comfort they contain! Jesus wept: He understood our sorrows, He was touched with the feelings of our infirmities. Out of His sharing of the troubles that come to us all He was able to help.

In Thornton Wilder's play, *The Angel That Troubled The Waters*, the angel says to the man beside the pool who can never get into the healing waters: "In love's service only the wounded soldiers can serve." Because we have been wounded we can feel with all other wounded.

Enable us to use our discouragements and distress in the service of love. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

Wednesday, April 19

READ: EPHESIANS 6:10-18

It was 186 years ago today that the Minute Men and embattled farmers of Massachusetts drew the line on the Lexington Green and began the fight for freedom in blood, when Captain Parker said, "Stand your ground! Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war let it begin here."

Those words spoken that April day in '75 are provocative on this anniversary. The person who would be faithful must always draw a line from which he will not fall back in moral retreat, cowardly compromise or shoddy performance. Where is your line upon which you stand in honor and integrity?

When I am pushed to give away the best, confirm me in resolute strength to stand at Christ's line. Amen.

Thursday, April 20

READ: MATTHEW 8:18-22

These are surprisingly harsh words which Jesus speaks. Surely one might be allowed to bury his father before going off upon journeys of unknown length, destination, outcome. But the incident speaks of our need to be ready to go and live when the opportunity comes. Never will all things be conveniently "ready." We must prepare carefully, but guard well that preparation does not postpone living.

Prompt us to live while we can, doing each day what good things we can that may never be done again.

Friday, April 21

READ: I PETER 2:20

John Kelman wrote this advice to young men entering the ministry: "It is safer in the end to blunder occasionally in the attempt to fulfill the high responsibilities of his office than to make

his ministry one chronic blunder by refusing to face these responsibilities." The same counsel would be wisdom for everyone in trying to fulfill the high responsibilities of the Christian life. Say what you believe is the right word even if it turns out ill; attempt the "impossible" task that ought to be done even if you make a fool of yourself; act with forgiveness even if you fail. God can sometimes use the blunders of enthusiasm and good will. He cannot use us at all if we fail to act.

Free us from a too cautious fear of failure, that we may risk the best we have for Thee. Amen.

Saturday, April 22

READ: MARK 1:35

Canon "Dick" Sheppard wrote of his own devotional life these instructive words: "If after twelve months' experience there is one thing I have learned, it is this: that it is impossible to get in the prayers that count at any time except before breakfast. It's the 20 minutes before Matins that counts for what the day is going to be worth."

Sheppard would not deny what prayer might do at any time of day. But prayer before breakfast gives direction for the day, fortification against disappointment, perspective from which to judge the day's choices.

O Lord, we know how unsafe it is to trust ourselves to the world without Thee. Amen.

Sunday, April 23

READ: MARK 8:35

In a Jerusalem cemetery with a whole company of soldiers from Australia who died fighting with Allenby in 1917, is buried one Jew. On his grave you may read this inscription: "He died, far from his homeland, but near to his country." He who is faithful to Christ must often die far from the homeland of his hopes, but near to the country of his God. Sometimes it will have to be death of the body, at other times death of the former and familiar life and hopes.

May we be willing to so die to former things of self that we gain the country of Thy will. Amen.

Monday, April 24

READ: JOHN 10:10, EPHESIANS 2:1, 5

A news item from Amarillo, Texas, told of a young man who went to the city health department to get a birth certificate so he could join the Army Air Corps. "Why, you're dead, been dead all your life," the clerk told the 21-year-old youth. The certificate stated Harris had died at birth.

Many people have been "dead" all their lives. They have done nothing

that would make a life-and-death difference to anyone, left no mark on the community by which folk could note their living. Empathy with others, responsiveness to joy and to pain in life everywhere, not just for ourselves, a great loyalty to the things of God's Kingdom—these are signs of life.

Help us to be alive unto Thee, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Tuesday, April 25

READ: LUKE 12:13-21

In *The Waste Makers* Vance Packard voices this fear:

"The lives of most Americans have become so intermeshed with acts of consumption that they tend to gain their feelings of significance in life from these acts of consumption rather than from their meditations, achievements, inquiries, personal worth, and service to others. It is appropriate to wonder if a society can have too much of a good thing and can begin suffering from a surplus of happiness . . . (We must) see that cherished values and integrity of the soul have more to do with a well-spent life than self-indulgence."

O God, free us from a too great dependence on and fondness for our material abundance. In Jesus' name.

Wednesday, April 26

READ: EZEKIEL 3:14, 15

It is told of James M. Barrie that when he was six years old he changed clothes with a friend who was in mourning so that the friend might go on playing while little Jamie sat apart and wept. What he did as a child could be an allegory for the only way anyone can ever fully understand the feelings and the needs of another person. Ezekiel went and sat where the exiles sat, only so could he know what it was to be an exile. Only as you enter the joys, temptations, griefs, of another do you realize what they mean. Sympathy must become empathy.

Enable us, our Father, to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep. Amen.

Thursday, April 27

READ: ACTS 4:31

John Hunt, the missionary to the Fiji Islands, tells that once when the steam was up in the launch ready for the day's journey, he called on a local preacher to lead in prayer. He prayed earnestly for twenty minutes. When he had risen from his knees the native engineer looked at the steam gauge and said quietly: "That brother has prayed forty pounds of pressure off the boiler. We shall have to make it up again before we start."

Prayer ought to relieve some pressures. Others it must generate until we are shaken loose from our moorings to get on with God's work.

Let our prayers be not merely blowing off of steam but the generation of power and purpose to do Thy Will.

Friday, April 28

READ: ROMANS 12:3-5

Many people go through life as a procession of one—forgetting that we all belong to one God, and therefore belong to each other. We cannot find God or the good life all alone. We must walk in a great company. Edwin Arlington Robinson has observed that "the man who goes too far alone goes mad—in one way or another." We become real persons only through mutually affirming our membership with others.

May we fall in step with all others who also seek Thy face, O God. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Saturday, April 29

READ: II CORINTHIANS 4:13

There is a point in every meditation or prayer when the worshiper needs to hear a little voice say within him: "All right, if you really believe this, say so. Let your yea be yea, or your nay be nay." Samuel Butler has some important words for us here: "An open mind is all very well in its way, but it ought not to be so open that there is no keeping anything in or out of it. It should be capable of shutting its doors sometimes, or it may be found a little draughty." As a wise observer also put it, "The purpose of opening the mind, like opening the mouth, is to close it again on the food we put in."

Because we believe, O God, let us speak Thy Word this day in no uncertain voice. Amen.

Sunday, April 30

READ: MATTHEW 26:30-32

James Moffatt translated a portion of this passage, "You will all be disconcerted over me tonight." Are you disconcerted over what Jesus does? If not, the chances are you have not understood it. Crucifixion is a highly disconcerting affair, upsetting to the smoothly arranged and organized patterns of life we easily fit into—disconcerting not only in the ugly picture it gives of evil, but upsetting because we see here where the love of God leads those who take it seriously. We will be disconcerted by what it means to take Jesus seriously in what He says about brotherhood and about social justice.

Trouble us by Thy Spirit, O Christ, until we are uncomfortable wherever Thy love is crucified. Amen.

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Integrated Oldsters (Continued from page 14)

had lived with her, and so she was not only conversant with the problems of the older generation, but appreciated their genuine worth and admired their spirit.

Though she had been a social worker, Mrs. Kaye did not claim to be an expert on geriatrics. She had observed how her own parents presented the same type of problem, at times, that parents of adolescents must meet. They reject help when you know they need it. At other times, like the youth, they'll admit they need a hand. The trick is to know when they'll take it and when they won't.

But Mrs. Kaye knew, most of all, that a let-alone policy is not the one to follow with the aging. There are many things they cannot do for themselves and it's up to the younger folks to find them out, for the oldsters won't tell you themselves.

"We simply cannot let the retired people live there by themselves, all alone, unattended and neglected," she told Mr. Schowalter. "Someone must do something for them before it is too late. I'll volunteer for that service."

The pastor was glad to appoint her chairman of the social action committee of the Greendale Church. Here was a chance for useful, positive "social action" in Greendale's front yard.

Mrs. Kaye immediately did two things. First, she asked for help—volunteers from the Greendale Church, from other churches, from civic groups—and from the elderly people themselves. Second, she set about to learn who the retired couples were, their interests and problems. She thought a special "low gear" type of activity could provide them with hobbies and recreation and a chance to meet new friends.

Women of the Greendale Church responded, after being convinced that action was needed. So did women of the Lutheran, Episcopal, Unitarian and Roman Catholic churches, and members of the Woman's Club and the American Legion Auxiliary. They formed the "Community Organization Planning Committee for Senior Citizens." Helpers in this project, all of whom were inexperienced with the aged, attended meetings of the Community Welfare Council and the Mental Health Association in Milwaukee.

This prepared them for the next project—a fullscale visitation of the apartments. Committee women canvassed the elderly people, made lists of their interests and their problems. Nobody questioned any of them about his age. Some showed a vague and listless interest in the visitors, indicating a

vacuum of interest in life. Others answered the questions eagerly and willingly, obviously delighted that someone at last had come to call on them.

Several of the elderly women in the apartments teamed up to invite their fellow—"seniors" to a special "get acquainted" party at the Greendale Elementary School. About 60 came. They mingled, met neighbors across the hall, ate refreshments. Someone called for a show of hands on hobbies and interests. Several couples had been abroad. There was at least one model railroad hobbyist.

Certain hobbyists received "favors": the home carpenters got boxes of nails; the needleworkers got thread; those interested in reading (who perhaps thought they would get comic books) received boxes of Alpha-Bits.

VILLAGE officials stood up for introductions—the mayor, village manager, chief of police, recreation director, and an extremely important official to their age bracket, the village nurse. They circulated among the newcomers, dropping a word here and there about services at their disposal. The elderly folks were as much entitled to them as anyone else, the officials said, for they, indeed, were part of the community. The retired folks "organized," then went home.

It would be a cozy story if the story could end here, with the retired people living happily ever after. But that doesn't happen, even in the "golden age" of life. Undoubtedly some got a lift from being out once more among people, and understood now that someone cared about their problems. But others resented the immediate formation of an organization, with chairman appointed. The reasons for the immediate appointments, of course, was to sustain interest through the summer, but "you can't hurry old folks that way," someone commented. Another cause for resentment, conscious or subconscious, was the feeling that the apartment dwellers made up a separate class.

"We don't want to be segregated!" they complained to Wirtz.

"All right," said Wirtz, "we don't want to be segregated. We want to be integrated. Then let's integrate ourselves by getting out and doing something for this community!"

To many an olderster this challenge made sense.

"We're no smarter than these young folks, but we've lived longer," said one. "We've picked up a few barnacles along the way—some of them sharp ones, too. Maybe there's something to what Wirtz says!"

A change began to come over many of them. More than one neighbor who

had waited for "an introduction" now felt the ice was broken. At least, the weather was fair and warm, so they began to take more walks around their village. Garden hobbyists got into the spirit of things again, for their apartment yards had plenty of space for flowers.

More of them began to spend more time at the community center, within walking distance of the apartments, and less time inside on those pleasant summer evenings.

A number of elderly men were captivated by the junior baseball league at the height of its enthusiasm. Many became fans immediately and became acquainted with the children. The kids loved the attention. It was as though grandpa came out to watch their prowess.

The oldsters knew baseball, too. Many remembered when Babe Ruth pitched for Boston. They could tell stories about Christy Mathewson, Ty Cobb and Sam Crawford, who could belt that ball way out of the park.

To recreation leader Dick Bergner, responsible for herding the "Knothole Gang" to frequent Milwaukee Braves games, the elderly gentlemen were allies. Several would go along to help keep the supercharged youngsters in corral. "I'm sold on the service that these retired people can give!" declared Bergner.

Other retired folks, carpenter hobbyists especially, found their services welcome on the building of the new Memorial Center.

An unusually early cold spell ended much of the outdoor activity, but the retired folks found other things to take its place.

Admittedly far from finished, the organization for oldsters is moving slowly, but it's moving. Wirtz would like to see the organization expanded to include men and women as young as 45, "to condition them for retirement, help them make adjustments, fill the vacuums and learn what danger signals to heed." The process requires nearly as much schooling as a vocation, he says.

"Don't wait until you're doddering before you cultivate hobbies and broaden your interests," he advises. "Do it when you're rounding the bend of life and slowing down a little."

The village won an "A" for effort from the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, which editorially called the venture "a splendid example of church-community cooperation," adding: "Specialists in geriatrics, troubled over the problem of keeping retired folks busy and making them feel wanted, may find case histories of value in Greendale. Also, specialists in church life will find here a case of Christian social action at its best." ■

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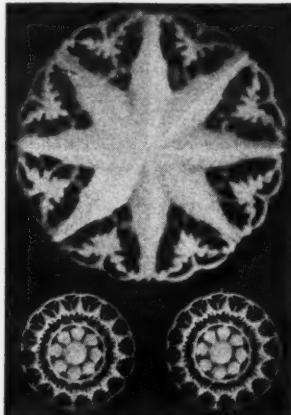
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THE NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by DANIEL A. POLING
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OUT OF THE AIR, by Mary Margaret McBride (Doubleday, N.Y., 384 pp., \$4.50).

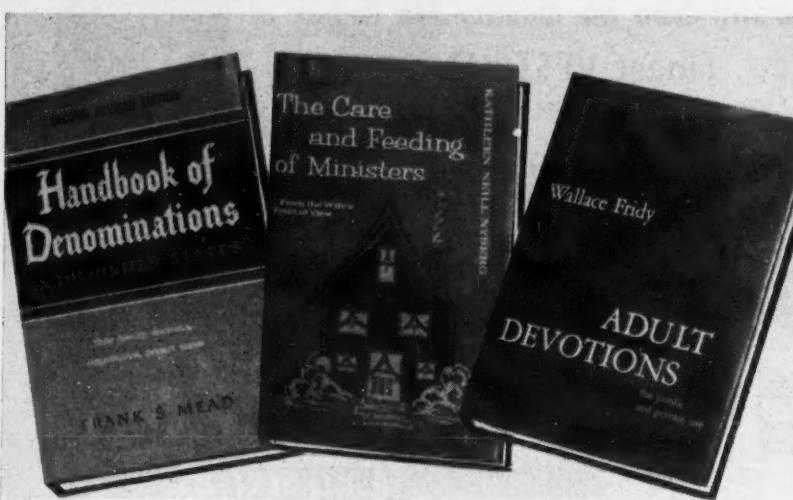
Out of the Air is Mary Margaret McBride's own story, and yet in another sense it is the story of radio during its most important and spectacular period from 1920 to 1945. It is also a human document of the ideas and ideals of the fascinating and famous individuals with whom Miss McBride discussed books, events and drama before an unseen audience of millions of Americans.

Reading this captivating book is a refresher course of memorable events and people and, as one listener writes in the introduction, Miss McBride brought to her listeners "humor, common sense and . . . high standards of human behavior." *Out of the Air* is a book that is strong in the ideals and principles that made Mary Margaret McBride the beloved person she is. It embraces the warmth and relaxed manner of the small country town, which fortunately Miss McBride never outgrew, and vividly and delightfully portrays an era in American life which everyone should find entertaining, informative and illuminating. (A Family Bookshelf Selection)—R.M.E.

BONGANGA, by Sylvia and Peter Dun-can (Morrow, N.Y., 240 pp., \$4).

Like Albert Schweitzer, "Bonganga" (White Doctor) is a brilliant young missionary who—before dedicating his life to Christian service in Africa—had won the highest medical and surgical honors his native England offers. Dr. Stanley George Browne has not received world-wide acclaim; nor does he display extraordinary talents in other fields—such as music and theology. But in his chosen profession, his accomplishments as portrayed here may be even greater than the revered Schweitzer's. And Dr. Browne is still in the prime of life.

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Kingdom two years ago), this fascinating account leaves "Bonganga" and his wife Mali, "with the Cross of Jesus going on before."—D.A.P.

EARTH'S REMOTEST END, by J. C. Pollock; photographs by Anne Pollock; foreword by Billy Graham (Macmillan, N.Y., 320 pp., \$5.95).

An engrossing tour of Christian missions in remote and inaccessible areas of 15 countries (India to the Philippines). A minister of the Church of England (after serving as an officer in the Coldstream Guards), Mr. Pollock is known primarily as a Christian journalist. He gives a warm, whimsical, but objective picture of isolated missions where hospitals and schools serve "little" people who come or go freely, of their own will.

In these sensitive lands, threatened by the enforced "uplift" of Communism, such scattered pockets of good will and good works offer an effective counter-measure.

—D.A.P.

THE GIFT OF ROME, by John and Esther Wagner (Atlantic-Little, Brown, Boston, 224 pp., \$4).

A fantastic murder trial with Cicero as defense lawyer for one Cluentius, a "knight" in the young Roman republic. Historically based, the time is 66 B.C. following the Sulla-Marius conflict; scene, the tumultuous Forum. The stately prose carefully detailing the case's preparation and presentation and the vivid description of everyday life in those dangerous days of Julius Caesar's early life, all make superb reading.—D.A.P.

SOMETHING LIGHT, by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown, Boston, 247 pp., \$3.95).

"Louisa Mary Datchett was very fond of men." The amusing, wholesome story of a husband-hunt by Cluny Brown's creator. Louisa really liked men (not as predatory objects but as people). The only trouble was that she spent all her spare time and extra money on necessities of out-of-the-way errands for feckless males.

But one morning, after 30 years of looking after every man she knows, she decides it's time to find one to look after her, for a change. Sophisticated, but full of common sense.—D.A.P.

WE CALL THIS FRIDAY GOOD, by Howard G. Hageman (Muhlenberg, Philadelphia, 83 pp., \$3.95).

The publishers' 1961 Lenten book: meditations to "help make the hours on Calvary less of an abstraction and more of a contemporary reality." President of the Reformed Church in America's General Synod, Dr. Hageman succeeds with humility and clarity in showing the Cross as "rugged" indeed. But through Calvary's temporal darkness he also gets across the triumphant joy which eternally names this Friday "good."—D.A.P.

FINDING GOD'S HEALING POWER, by Gertrude D. McKelvey (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 173 pp., \$3.50).

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THE FOUR GOSPELS AS ONE, by David H. Yarn, Jr. (Harper, N.Y., 201 pp., \$3.95).

A volume for every preacher, writer, student and teacher of the Bible. Certainly this volume should "encourage and promote intelligent reading and study of the life, ministry and mission of Jesus Christ." The arrangement of the gospels is in easily read narrative form.—D.A.P.

I WALKED WITH HEROES, by General Carlos P. Romulo (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, N.Y., 342 pp., \$5).

I would be prejudiced in favor of this autobiography before I turned to its first page. Romulo, who writes about heroes, is a hero of mine. He served as aide-de-camp to General Douglas MacArthur and he now serves the Republic of the Philippines as Ambassador to the United States.

But his official activities would fill a volume of their own. Here is a man who has known grief, deep and dividing, but has risen out of personal tragedy to become a universal figure in the world struggle to preserve and protect freedom. Carlos Romulo has words that all Americans of good will should hear and heed. Dramatic, eloquent, authentic reading, certainly *I Walked with Heroes* is the autobiography of a hero.—D.A.P.

THE ULTIMATE WEAPON-CHRISTIANITY, by Paul M. Stevens (Thomas Nelson & Sons, N.Y., 158 pp., \$3.95).

An intriguing, vital and timely book. "Hot Weapon for Cold War" would be an equally descriptive title. The Free World and Christianity itself are in a finish race, a race against time, in the struggle with atheistic Communism. The author eloquently argues that Christianity was once the world's most feared idea. It was, and in the reasoned conclusion of this author is still, a weapon more powerful than the hydrogen bomb. Read this little volume and you will get great thoughts.—D.A.P.

JESUS OF NAZARETH, by Gunther Bornkamm, translated from the German (Harper, New York, 239 pp., \$4).

With fearlessness and reverence Professor Bornkamm gets at the personality and the quality of the message which emanate from the deeds and the words of Jesus of Nazareth. In the pages of his book the times in which Jesus lived come alive. As we read we find ourselves engrossed in page after page of description and interpretation of the historic earthiness of the

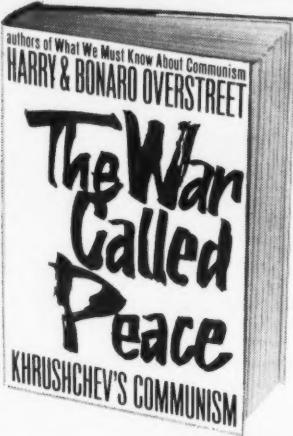
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YOGI, by Yogi Berra and Ed Fitzgerald (Doubleday, N.Y., 234 pp., \$3.95).

Perhaps the first sentence of the New York Yankee catcher can best describe his autobiography: "Sometimes I think there must be two Yogi Berras. There's the one who grew up on the Hill in St. Louis, who's been playing ball for the Yankees for 14 years, has a beautiful wife named Carmen and three boys, Larry, Timmy and Dale, and lives in a nice house in Montclair, New Jersey. That's me. Then there's the one you read about in the papers who's a kind of a comic-strip character, like Li'l Abner or Joe Palooka—I don't know that Yogi at all, because he doesn't exist."

I have always liked this fellow and I like him better now.—D.A.P.

BUILDING A CHRISTIAN HOME, by Henry R. Brandt and Homer E. Doudy (Scripture, Wheaton, Ill., 158 pp., \$3).

An intimate and down-to-earth, challenging study on the building of the Christian home. The book is organized into four progressive steps, first, dealing with you; second, with parents; then, with the entire family; and finally, with the task that has not yet been done. I find these four chapters particularly instructive and helpful—"Growing with Your Children," "Facing Child Discipline," "Communicating Sex Education," "Preparing Your Children for Marriage."—D.A.P.

POETRY FOR PLEASURE: The Hallmark Book of Poetry, selected by the Editors of Hallmark Cards, Inc. (Doubleday, N.Y., 442 pp., \$3.95).

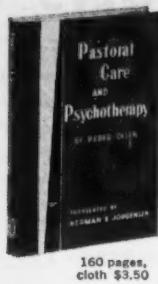
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The Joy of Being Old (Continued from page 16)

Then swiftly this gifted speaker took us through the centuries and around the world, showing us the glorious, enduring things people had done in the past by constructive use of leisure.

Today America has a new leisured class—millions of senior citizens, wise with the wisdom of their years, with so much to give.

Personally, what are the special joys I find in being old?

One is the shining joy of having lived long enough to see some of my spiritual harvest. Rowdy little girls I once taught in Sunday school are now married with children of their own. They write me loving letters, saying, "I am teaching them all the things you taught me in Sunday school."

I have lived long enough to see some of my dreams for the Kingdom come true—from boys to buildings. The other Sunday after church, a shy young man came up to me and said, "Remember me? You used to say to me, 'Richard, whenever I look at you, I see you in a pulpit.' I drove in this morning to tell you I am to be ordained next Sunday."

Another shining joy is that the years have given me perspective. I can look back over my life and see God's plan in my failures as well as my successes.

This was brought home to me in a strange way recently. I came across tear-blotted papers on which, nineteen years ago, I had recorded my bitter disappointment over a speech I had made at a church gathering and which had been a complete failure.

The fault had been mine because I had not been able to rise above finding I had to give the speech in a small home and that my audience was scattered all over the house.

Eighty people, men, women, restless children in five rooms! I had spent days on a speech on "The Spirit of Fellowship." Defeated, I gave an indignant talk on their dire need of a Sunday-school building with rooms for each class, an auditorium, games room and a modern kitchen.

Looking back on the event, I marvel at the courteous patience with which the few who could hear me listened, as I—a brash stranger who did not even belong to the church—expounded on what they needed.

I sat down—finally—halfway through my heated talk, unable to speak above the cries of sleepy babies and the clatter of preparations for refreshments, bitterly conscious that my speech was an utter failure.

But someone must have heard. For within a month, blueprints of that adequate Sunday-school building were presented at the father-and-son ban-

quiet. And just one year later the building was up.

With what joy I destroyed those tear-blotted pages when I found them! God had used even my failure.

One of the greatest joys of being old is that you have more time for God. When you were younger things had a tendency to crowd Him out. Now, you have time to possess your soul; for slow, reflective Bible reading; for longer devotions. You experience more often His unexpected comings. You feel your heart burn within you—and there He is!

It happened the other Sunday, on my way to church. The memorial chimes were playing the hymn, "Art Thou Weary?" and as I walked along, I sang the verses to myself. I came to the words,

*If I find Him, if I follow,
Is He sure to bless?*

Then I stood stockstill in my tracks, looking up. For it seemed as if the very heavens opened to answer, "Yes!"

That, I think, is the most blessed joy of being old: having that spiritual security that comes from knowing, beyond any shadow of doubt, that if you find Him, if you follow, come what may, He is sure to bless. ■

Go, Tell!
(Continued from page 24)

tell, until you, as those persons who took part in the first Easter, come face to face with Christ. Without such an encounter, you are as discouraged, as disheartened, as insecure as they were on their way to the tomb. Like them, you perhaps have felt let down by your faith. Perhaps, like them, you heard the Christ gladly at one time. You saw in Him hope for the world. You heard Him speaking gently when others cursed. You saw Him walking and talking His way into countless lives. You were impressed. You believed. But then, somehow, He died. You were left empty and groping. You felt as the student felt who said to the chaplain of George Washington University, "What's the use of playing the game if you don't know where the goal posts are?"

The message of Easter to you is this: Christ lives!

But He will not live for you until He lives in you. Accepting Him by faith gives you back the goal posts. You discover where you are going. Life again makes sense. Because you, too, shall live, you have reason to live confidently.

This, then, is something to tell! Easter spells out that death is not a wall but a door.

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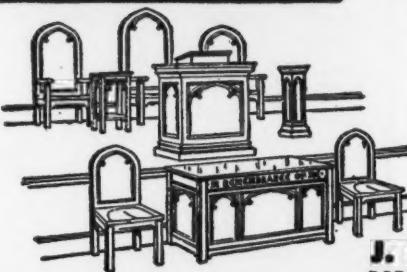
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of thinking. It is not that wishing makes anything so nor can make it so, but that we wish because it is so. We are hungry because there is food. We see because there are sights to be seen. We hear because there are sounds to be heard. We walk because there are places to which we may go. We think because there are ideas to be thought. God made us that way.

Is it not reasonable to ponder that we long for life everlasting because God, having provided that kind of life, has set eternity in our hearts?

What a restricting, frightening view of death it is to look upon it as an alarm clock, set by unfriendly or uncaring hands, for an hour we do not know! Because of Easter, the Christian does not need to watch the clock. He need not timidly move in the complex of life, quivering at every turn in the road. The Christian knows that life and death are all of a piece.

We do not know where the heavenly Tomorrowland lies nor what it looks like. Saints new and old have visualized it in terms of the most precious things they knew about—streets of gold, gates of pearl. Our generation around the world may visualize it in new ways—a place where there need be no bomb shelters, where there is no barbed wire, no Iron Curtain, no torn bodies, no bitter tears, no crosses of prejudice burning in the night, no betrayals by labor leaders, no exploitation of employees by employers, no careening slaughter on the highways, no strife within families.

But however we picture that Tomorrowland of God, to that extent we will be inescapably driven to rebuild our Todayland in its image. Without the Resurrection, there is no pattern for the redeeming of life.

The details of what is to come are unimportant. With the poet, we can say, and in saying have a sufficient answer:

I know not where God's islands
Lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

We can say it because an empty tomb gives us the farsightedness to say it.

And there is something else that Easter spells out: You cannot seal truth, love, justice, goodness, in a tomb.

Assuming they were acting from the purest of motives—giving the high priest and the religious leaders of Jesus' day the benefit of the doubt—they still were wrong, for they believed they could do good by doing evil. They were willing to sacrifice someone else. Jesus taught that the life you sacrifice must be your own. Fearing for the threat to their own well-being and the well-being of their beliefs, they conspired to destroy the threat and seal

it in a tomb. But always, eventually, the seal is split and justice breaks forth to assure those who seek justice and to confound those who do not.

The Resurrection spells out that wrong will not rule forever on the throne; that God, standing now in the shadows behind His own, will some day sweep away the shadows and stand forth for all to see. Take away the Resurrection and you take away the ultimate triumph of right and the ultimate defeat of wrong. Because Christ lives, we know that no problem is ever really solved with the wrong answer. Because He lives, justice, goodness and love will have the last word.

That is something to go and tell!

AND there is something else to tell: You cannot shut Christ into even a church. Look again at that Easter morning. As it began to dawn toward the first day of the week in Jerusalem, the religious high point of the week was assumed to be over. Passover and the Sabbath had come and gone. True, there had been an unfortunate affair on Friday, but that was behind now and best forgotten. Those who were awake were getting back to work with the sure sense of those who have discharged their religious obligation. The rest were sleeping the sleep of the just. They had observed the historic feast of Passover with its ties to the past; they had obeyed the Sabbath laws. Tradition had been served.

It does not sound like the same morning or the same town or the same world. What a difference Easter made!

But how like ourselves they were, that first Easter morning—we who do not entomb Christ in a grave, but entomb Him in a church! We attend a worship service and thereby assume that the week's quota of religious time and attention has been met and to spare. We shut Christ into a church or into what is clearly the religious obligation, and then we go off and leave Him safely there.

In your own life, that is a seal only you can break. *Go and tell* are words for you and me. And to tell others that Christ lives, we, too, must live. How easy it is to say, "Look back to the Garden. Look at the disciples—they were changed men after the Resurrection." How hard it is to say, by our testimony, by our gentleness, by our love, "Look at me and know that Christ lives." Yet that is where others are looking.

Does Easter for you mean merely the backward look, or does it also mean the forward look? Are you ready to seal Christ in the tomb of Easter itself? Or will He live for you and with you and in you and through you, now and always?

Go! Tell! ■

China Report
(Continued from page 24)

The island is indeed a fortress and "Gibraltar" that outmatches the original. Mighty granite mountains have been tunneled until the underground is a veritable maze.

I was happy to learn that Kinmen City on the east coast of the island and facing the Communist mainland is not shelled. Apparently there is an understanding between the island defenders and their foes, so that Quemoy does not shell the city of Amoy, which is under President Chiang's guns, and the Red batteries generally spare Quemoy's civilian population.

But it was not guns and tunnels that interested me chiefly on this visit. Rather it was a little man of peace, the Franciscan monk, Joseph Bernard Druetto. I met him first three years ago. I thought then that he was high in the 70's, but now I learned that he is only 51. He came first as a young French priest to the mainland almost within sight of his present island parish. When the Communists arrived they took him, brainwashed and tortured him. The marks are still on his body. In the ordeal he lost 128 pounds but they did not break him. They tied his hands behind him so that he could not make the sign of the cross, but he said, "You could cut out my voice box but I could still pray!" Finally in despair, rather than execute him and turn the countryside further against them, they threw him out of the country and told him never to return. He smiled and replied, "But I am coming back."

And I found him still of that purpose and faith. Definitely this man is going back. And just as definitely for all those who surround him, from President Chiang Kai-shek and his unfaltering wife, Mayling Soong Chiang, to apparently the last man in his military establishment, this is the purpose and this is the faith. It is the unmistakable and sometimes all but overwhelming atmosphere, not only of the offshore island but of the great island Formosa itself. Here is the most assured, the most flourishing, and the most purposeful spot in all the troubled East.

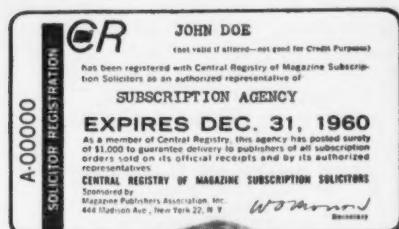
It was in this suffering area of our rocking world that I found our Christian Herald homes and orphanages little oases of peace and promise. These are the children, with so many others like them, who will inherit the future—whatever. Perhaps in ministering to them today we minister to our own grandchildren tomorrow.

There is just one text with which to close this story: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me." ■



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New English Bible (Continued from page 21)

with little reference to the classic version; yet in no case has their work been a serious claimant to general use.

It is against such a background that this latest translation, of which the New Testament has just appeared, stands and must be judged. The New English Bible is exactly what its name implies, with the stress upon *New*. Stemming from an overtur presented in 1948 to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, it is the work of a committee of scholars representing the leading Protestant groups in Britain, including not only the Churches of England and Scotland but also the Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Friends, together with the British and Foreign Bible Society and the National Bible Society of Scotland. The director of the project is Dr. C. H. Dodd of Cambridge; publishers: Oxford and Cambridge University Presses,

The purpose of the work is clearly stated in its introduction: "We have constantly striven to follow our instructions and render the Greek, as we understood it, into the English of the present day, that is, into the natural vocabulary, constructions and rhythms of contemporary speech. We have sought to avoid archaism, jargon and all that is either stilted or slipshod . . . always the aims were accuracy and clarity."

The justification for such a venture is plain. Because of the present state of textual knowledge and the extent to which much of the noble English of the King James translators is alien to modern readers, there has been a need for a thoroughly new version.

The New English Bible has done what it set out to do. With clarity and simplicity it has put the Greek of the New Testament into plain English. And it has done this with distinguished avoidance of the trivial. The vocabulary is that which is common wherever good English is spoken and written, but the style is not commonplace. Difficult and unusual words are practically never used, yet the reader feels no narrowness of vocabulary. In some few cases, such as "fruiting" in John 15:2 and "corn" for seed or grain, as in Mark 4:7 and Matthew 13:26, the word usage is distinctively British; on the whole, however, the style is as understandable to the American as to the British reader. Language that is liable to become "dated" is absent. This is the English of today, crystal clear but without any obtrusive impression of modernity.

For sheer good writing, then, The New English Bible must be ranked in the forefront of recent translations. Nor is this stylistic excellence accidental. As

the Introduction states, "Since sound scholarship does not always carry with it a delicate sense of style, the Committee appointed a panel of literary advisers to whom all the work of the translating panel has been submitted." We are not told the make-up of this literary panel, but their work is first-rate.

As a result of this sensitive regard for words, it is doubtful whether any English New Testament is easier to read than this one. Narrative portions, such as Acts and large parts of the Gospels, catch up the reader with their vivid expression. Moreover, the Epistles gain greatly from shorter sentences and less complicated syntax than in the King James Bible. Happily, individual verses are not separated but are printed in paragraphs with verse numbers in the margins and with chapter divisions marked simply by boldface numbers, and this too enhances readability.

But let us look at a few of many examples that might be cited to show the gain in intelligibility afforded by this translation.

It renders Christ's instructions to the twelve (Matthew 10:9, 10): "Provide no gold, silver, or copper to fill your purse, no pack for the road, no second coat, no shoes, no stick; the worker earns his keep." Surely this is clearer than the King James: "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves: for the workman is worthy of his meat."

Paul's words in II Corinthians 10:13, 14, as given by the Authorized Version, are hardly understood by the present-day reader: "But we will not boast of things without our measure, but according to the measure of the rule which God hath distributed to us, a measure to reach even unto you. For we stretch not ourselves beyond our measure, as though we reached not unto you: for we are come as far as to you also in preaching the gospel of Christ." Compare this with the new rendering: "With us there will be no attempt to boast beyond our proper sphere; and our sphere is determined by the limit God laid down for us, which permitted us to come as far as Corinth. We are not overstretching our commission, as we should be if it did not extend to you, for we were the first to reach Corinth preaching the gospel of Christ." The advance in communication is clear.

The new version is often more vivid than its predecessors, as in Matthew 26:67, "Then they spat in his face and beat him with their fists"; or, as in Acts 28:26, "Go to this people and say: You will hear and hear, but never understand; you will look and look, but never see." A touch like this enlivens Paul's close-knit logic in Romans 14: "You, sir, why do you pass judgment on your

brother? And you, sir, why do you hold your brother in contempt?" (verse 10).

But despite the beautiful clarity of The New English Bible, which makes it so much more readable than the King James or even Revised Standard Version, it falls short of the supreme excellence of the King James Bible at its best; this its translators would doubtless acknowledge. The haunting beauty of "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid" (John 14:27, KJ), is still on a loftier plane than "Peace is my parting gift to you, my own peace, such as the world cannot give. Set your troubled hearts at rest, and banish your fears" (NEB). Similarly, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more" (Revelation 7:16 KJ) far surpasses "They shall never again feel hunger or thirst (NEB)." And the King James translation of the close of Romans 8 surpasses that of The New English Bible, good as the latter is.

FROM matters of style and clarity, we turn to doctrinal implications. Were translation an exact science, which it is not, rather than a fine art, which it is, such questions would be irrelevant. Translators would then be working in precise objectivity, transmitting accurately every shade of doctrine. Since this is not the case, careful translators, such as those of The New English Bible, are committed to rendering not what they think the text should mean but what to the best of their knowledge they believe the original writers said. Nevertheless, some degree of doctrinal implication is inescapable because of choices between various possible translations of theologically significant passages, and difference of opinion regarding basic meanings.

In The New English Bible the great truths about Christ—the virgin birth, the Deity, the atonement, the resurrection and the second coming—are clear, as they must be in every responsible translation. Important Christological passages, such as Philippians 2:5-11, Colossians 1:13-20 and Hebrews 1:1-4 are well translated, although the rendering of the last clause of John 1:1 as "what God was, the Word was" is not an improvement upon the more direct "the Word was God" of most other English versions. Moreover, the stronger translation of Romans 9:5 with its plain affirmation of the Deity of Christ is placed in a footnote and a weaker rendering that obscures this affirmation ("... from them, in natural descent, sprang the Messiah. May God, supreme over all, be blessed forever") is used in the text. There is bound to be discussion about Luke 1:27, where in the account of the annunciation the Greek word that the

translators render "virgin" in Matthew 1:23 becomes the more colloquial word "girl." Though the context makes the fact of the virgin birth perfectly evident, some may question the use of "girl."

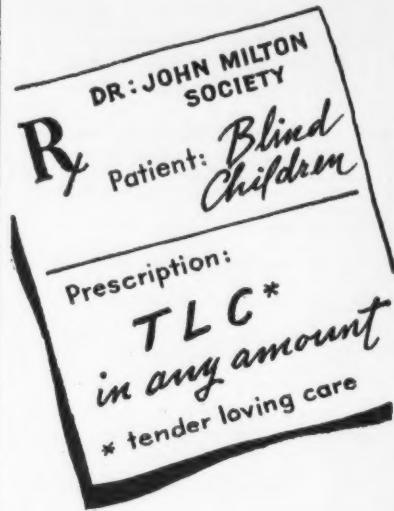
It is significant that in the last chapter of Mark, verses 9-20 which are omitted in the text of the Revised Standard Version are included in The New English Bible. Many readers, however, will be perplexed by the two sentences (a late close of the Gospel) that are printed between verses 8 and 9 of this chapter. In accord with the opinion of most scholars, the story of the woman taken in adultery (John 7:53-8:11) is placed at the end of the Gospel instead of in the text itself. And the beginning of II Timothy 3:16 is translated "Every inspired scripture" rather than "All scripture is inspired by God (RSV)." However, this is an admissible translation and in accord with the Revised and American Standard Versions.

A leading feature of The New English Bible is the freedom with which the same Greek word has been translated by different English words. Here the translators follow the precedent of the 1611 Bible. As they say in the introduction, "We have not felt obligated (as did the Revisers of 1881) to make an effort to render the same Greek word everywhere by the same English word. We have in this respect returned to the wholesome practice of King James's men, who (as they expressly state in their preface) recognized no such obligation." Whether the committee has done this to a greater or lesser degree than the King James translators would require an elaborate study to determine, although it is plain that they have used the principle so extensively as in some cases to raise questions.

Notable among these questions is the treatment of the Greek verb for "believe," which occurs nearly one hundred times in John's Gospel. Sometimes, as in 3:16, it is translated "has faith in." At other times, as in 5:24, it is "puts his trust in him" or simply "trust" (14:1). But in 6:35, 7:38, the verb is translated, as most versions render it throughout the Gospel, just by "believe." There is no doctrinal objection to these synonyms (certainly not to "trust," which comes close to the center of saving faith). Yet there may be a real loss of total emphasis in substituting this variety of synonyms for the single straightforward verb "believe," which John strikingly uses to the complete exclusion of the noun "faith." As Dr. Bruce M. Metzger states in his essay, "The Language of the New Testament," in *The Interpreter's Bible*: "Though John's vocabulary is far less extensive than that of the other three Gospels, he makes impressive, almost majestic, use of his fundamental words and phrases by the expedient of repetition." Is it



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wise, then, to mask this repetition by using so many synonyms?

Many other examples of the free use of synonyms might be mentioned, such as the very frequent translation of the Greek word "Kyrie" (meaning "Lord" or "Sir") by "Sir." Here the practice seems to be to use "Sir" when the person addressing Christ was not a disciple or outright believer. This is a distinction made a few times by the King James Version but so greatly extended in this New Testament as to lead to occasional inconsistency.

Sometimes the smoothness of the style softens the thrust of the original text. An instance of this is Romans 10:9, 10, which reads in the new translation, "If on your lips is the confession, 'Jesus is Lord,' and in your heart the faith that God raised him from the dead, then you will find salvation." The roundabout, "If on your lips is the confession" and "in your heart is the faith," is simply not as strong as the more direct, "if you confess with your mouth" and "believe in your heart" (RSV). Furthermore, there is a great distance between "you will find salvation," which seems to imply some degree of human attainment, and "you will be saved" (RSV), which makes salvation, as Paul so clearly teaches, solely the work of Christ.

It may be that the superior readability of this translation, traceable in part to this liberty in using synonyms, has become in some instances an element of weakness. But to balance this there are other strengths, mention of which should be added to those already pointed out. Prominent among these is the way in which the translators bring out the nuances of certain Greek words.

Two instances of this are II Corinthians 2:14, which is rendered with vivid accuracy, "But thanks be to God who continually leads us about, cap-

tives in Christ's triumphal procession," and Philippians 4:7, where the force of the verb comes out strongly, "Then the peace of God, which is beyond your utmost understanding, will keep guard over your hearts and thoughts, in Christ Jesus."

TO REVIEW a translation like this one, which is the product of over a decade of scholarly and literary effort, is a task quite different from that of evaluating other new books. For one thing, it requires the test of long-continued use such as no early reviewer can quickly give. I have used the New Testament of The New English Bible daily for a period of several months, during which I have read it devotionally in small units, studied it critically, and also read much of it consecutively book by book. Nevertheless, this kind of acquaintance cannot compare with the lifetime familiarity with the King James Version that many of us older Christians have gained from daily reading over forty or fifty years.

It is against the affection for a translation used by multitudes since childhood that The New English Bible must compete. Despite this handicap, the new translation is so impressive for its readability and so attractive for its style that it gives promise of a wide and enduring acceptance.

The question of whether these translators in the reign of Elizabeth II have given the English-speaking people a New Testament that will mean to modern readers what the King James Version has thus far meant to so many generations will be determined not by reviews but by circulation and use.

Shall we some day speak as affectionately and familiarly of The New English Bible as we do now of the King James Bible? Only time will tell. ■

Editorially Speaking (Continued from page 19)

"It was the first of its kind in many Presidential terms, if not an all-time White House first. Occasion was the swearing-in of a number of lower-echelon officers.

"At leisure, the guests ambled up to the bar to order their choice—domestic champagne, martinis, scotch, bourbon, vodka, soft drinks and tomato juice.

"Home was never like this. And neither was the White House. . . ."

In the February 4th issue of the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, Betty Beale, under "Will Kennedy's Lock Up Liquor Locker?" had this to say among other comments: ". . . President and Mrs. Kennedy ordered a bar as well as a buffet set up in the State Dining Room. They never approached it them-

selves, since they were standing in the receiving line in the Blue Room throughout the party. . . . One thing is certain, the Kennedys' first White House party was the most natural gathering this correspondent has ever seen there. . . . It was the first time this reporter remembers seeing any ashtrays available at a reception though I didn't see anyone smoking. . . . It was the first time anybody seems to recall a White House party's being held on a Sunday afternoon. . . . There's no question about it. Naturalness is the keynote of Kennedy entertainment. . . ."

CHRISTIAN HERALD adds only this as its expression of confidence in the President of the United States:

One, we do not believe that the President arranged this reception.

Two, we do not believe that it will be repeated. ■



MEETING SPECIAL NEEDS IN CHURCH

By RACHEL HARTMAN

AMERICANS are "organized to death" we are often told. And it may be true. By the time Mother gets through baking cookies for the youth canteen, phoning the members of the women's program committee, chauffering Jimmie to Cub Scouts and Janie to Junior Choir and getting Dad off to Men's Brotherhood, she may wonder if there are too many organizations, even in the church. But organizations exist for a purpose (or they should!) and are set up to meet a particular need.

Many a church which had no adequate program for teenagers has gradually lost all its young people. Sometimes capable men lose interest in the church because they are given nothing to do that seems really important. Often single men and women find they cannot fit into the program of their home church. Elderly women who still need to serve may feel no longer wanted in the regular women's activities. But there should be a place for everyone in church—and not only in the morning worship service.

An effective church reaches out into the community to attract persons who need its message and influence. Churches near military bases can provide spiritual help to many young men far from home. Others near centers of Indian population—or Spanish, or migrant—have many opportunities to demonstrate Christian love. Some can help students or young people who have come for work opportunities. There are always handicapped persons who are missing out on the joys of Christian fellowship.

Many types of special needs can be met in church. Having (*Continued next page*)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY DOTY



The Climate Changed

By RUTH YOUNGDAHL NELSON

Scripture Reading: II Corinthians 2:14-16; John 1:16

Hymn: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" or "Let the Beauty of Jesus Be Seen in Me."

Meditation: A father was taking his small son through the natural history museum of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. The boy, fascinated by the skeletons of prehistoric animals, turned to his father and said: "Dad, are there any of those animals living anywhere today?" To which the father replied, "No, son, they are all gone. There are none of them on the face of the earth." The boy continued his questioning: "Well, what happened to them? Were they poisoned, or shot, or killed with swords?" And the father's simple response was, "The climate changed."

In II Corinthians, Paul speaks of the climate-changing power that a Christian should be in today's world: "He makes our knowledge of Him to spread like a lovely perfume throughout the world." (Phillips). And again in the Gospel of John reference, "There is a grace in our lives, because of His grace." Here is where we Christians need to take inventory. If the indwelling Christ is real in our lives, by His grace we should be climate-changers. Are we?

In your home situation, whatever the set-up may be, does your presence in a room bring with it the breath of the love of Christ? Or do you add to the tense atmosphere that breeds the ugly creatures of ill-will, criticism, pride, and hurt feelings—or even suspicion?

What about your job? Is your office a better place because you are a Christian? And what about your neighborhood? Would the folks in your block know that Jesus Christ lived in your home?

In this month of the birthdays of two of our great countrymen, we think with gratitude of our national heritage. How dangerous it is to assume that we can live in a dead past. Such an attitude has the stench of decay. Both George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were climate-changers for their day. Each rose to the challenge of the times in which he lived. We need a resurgence of such dedication. The world looks with critical eyes to America today, focusing on the areas of our national life where there are inequalities and injustice. The beginning of the remedy for these is down where we live. What good does it do for us to prate about brotherhood and live discrimination? We need climate-changers in every block of every city; down every lane of this fair country of ours.

Too many of us mouth our Christian witness, when our lives often deny it. Putting a dab of perfume on the outside of a person isn't the answer to a stench that comes from filth underneath.

One of our fine missionaries tells the story of a boy at a train station in India. The lad was trying to sell some mangoes. He had a big basket of them in his arms, and as a train rolled in and the people poured out he would call out his wares. But he met with no success. Then he reached into the basket and took a luscious looking mango and sank his teeth in it. The juice ran down his chin, his eyes sparkled at the delight of his experience. The result was electric. First thing he knew, he was besieged by customers. He had advertised his own wares. Are people drawn to the loving heart of Christ because of your witness?

This climate-changing power is nothing we can whip up ourselves. It is born and nurtured in prayer; it is fed on the digesting of Scripture; it is the work of the Holy Spirit of God. The tragedy is that though God wants this for everyone, many of us resist it. Our selves are in the way.

A pagan philosopher in the Middle East was asked if he knew the whereabouts of a certain woman missionary. His response was, "Do you mean the woman who wears upon herself the presence of the prophet, Jesus, and rubs Him off on every one she meets?"

Prayer: We thank You, God, for the dedicated leaders our country has known in its crucial times. We acknowledge that each of us is responsible to bring Your love and compassion to the place where we live. Fill us with Your Holy Spirit so that we may have the scent of Christ in our daily walk. Make us climate-changers. Through the power of Your love, change the climate of today's world. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Devotions for Women

an organization will not necessarily meet the needs, but it *can*.

No two churches are alike in the needs that exist or the way they are meeting them. Some find a series of graduated choirs from cherubs through older folks an asset. Other churches have the entire membership broken up into prayer and study groups. Many sponsor Scout troops and other weekday youth programs including released time religious instruction.

Some conduct weekday nursery schools or kindergartens. Many organize retired persons into golden-age clubs. Most have group activity for young married couples and some have special sessions for engaged couples. Active, interested men's groups are on the increase, as are meetings for businesswomen.

Arts and crafts flourish in some churches, camera clubs and other hobby groups filling particular needs. Parents' discussion groups provide an outlet for some while religious drama does this for others.

There is no end to the things a church can do. But of course no single church can do everything. You may want to analyze the needs of your church family and community to see if any group—by age, interests or abilities—is left out of your church program. Contact your denominational headquarters for help with this.

Listed below are books and pamphlets from various sources which may help you meet some special need that now exists in your church. See key to sources at the end, for addresses.

Senior Citizens

The Fulfillment Years in Christian Education, 50¢ NCC

Add Life to Their Years, by Catherine Lee Wahlstrom—a manual for developing a program with older adults, \$1 NCC

Aging: Today's Opportunities for the Church, 50¢ Episc.

The Church and the Aging, 15¢ Episc.
Starting an Older Adult Group in Your Church. Meth. Bd. Ed.

Older Adults in the Church, by Virginia Stafford—manual, 35¢ Meth. Pub.

Mature Years, quarterly magazine, \$1.50 yr., 30¢ copy. Meth. Pub.
Older Persons in the Church Program—handbook, 50¢ Presb.

Older Persons in the Home, 5¢ Presb.

Choirs

Music in the Town and Country Church, 25¢ Episc.

Familiar Hymns with Descants—for youth choirs, \$1.10 Westminster

Choral Readings from the Bible, by Brown and Heltman, \$1. Seabury
Choral Readings for Worship and Inspiration, by Brown and Heltman, \$1. Seabury

Journal of Church Music, monthly magazine, \$3.50 yr., 50¢ copy; 2900 Queens Lane, Philadelphia 29, Pa. Music Ministry, magazine, \$3 yr.; 201 8th Ave. S. Nashville, Tenn.

Organizing and Directing Children's Choirs, \$2.50 Standard. The Younger Choir, 44 numbers for junior and early teen voices, 60¢ Standard.

Bible Study and Prayer Groups

Learning Together in the Christian Fellowship, by Sara Little, \$1.25 Westminster

Studying the Bible in Small Groups, 15¢ Presb.

More Learning in Small Groups, 15¢ Presb.

Spiritual Renewal Through Personal Groups, by John Casteel, \$3.50; Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York 7

How to Read the Bible, by J. Carter Swaim, 15¢ NCC

The Bible Speaks to Youth, an outline for youth Bible study groups, 25¢ NCC

Prayer Cells and Evangelism, by Sam Shoemaker, 10¢ NCC

A Method of Small Group Bible Study, 25¢ Seabury

Discovering the Bible, by Suzanne de Dietrich, 50¢. Box 485, Nashville, Tenn.

Prayer Groups—manual on how to form and conduct them, 35¢ Meth. Pub. Two or Three Together, by Harold W. Freer and Frances B. Hall—manual for prayer groups, \$2.50 Meth. Pub.

Power Through Prayer Groups by Helen S. Shoemaker, \$2. Fleming-Rewell, Westwood, N. J.

Retreats and Work Camps

Time to Spare, by Douglas V. Steere, talks readings, instructions for a 3-day spiritual retreat, \$2.50 Meth. Pub.

Be Ye Therefore Perfect, retreat plans for leaders, 30¢ Meth. Pub.

Let's Plan a Planning Retreat, 1¢ Meth. Bd. Ed.

Here's How to Have a Spiritual Life Retreat, 25¢ Meth. Pub.

How to Plan a Work Camp for Young People, 20¢ Meth. Bd. Ed.

Community Service—a guide to weekend work camping, 50¢ NCC

Men's Groups

The Layman Has a Ministry, by William Temple, 3¢. The Ministry of the Laity, by Denis Daly, 15¢. I Am a Layman, by Bertram Parker, 3¢. The Layman's Ministry—a Modern Approach, 25¢. What Can a Man Do? by Richardson Wright, 3¢. How to Harness the Manpower in Your Parish, 25¢. The Christian and His Daily Work, 25¢ All from Episc.

(Continued on next page)

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et, 50¢, Meth. Lay Act.**

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man, 75¢ Meth. Lay Act.**

**Mr. President, manual for Presbyterian
Men's Group, 50¢ Presb.**

**More and More Manpower, 25¢ Presb.
Principles of Church Ushering, 50¢
NCC**

**500 Plans and Ideas for Church Offi-
cers, by J. Vernon Jacobs, \$2 Stand-
ard.**

**Church Usher's Manual, by Sylvester,
30¢ Standard.**

Servicemen

**The Church Serves Nearby Military
Personnel, 20¢ Meth. Bd. Ed.**

**The Church Serves Its People in Mili-
tary Service, 15¢ Meth. Bd. Ed.**

Church Visitors

**How To Conduct a Community Reli-
gious Census, 4¢ NCC**

**How To Make an Evangelistic Call,
by Seward Hiltner, 15¢ NCC**

**Visitation Evangelism Manual, 15¢
NCC**

**Is Calling a Lost Art? by Dorothy D.
Fritz, 5¢ NCC**

**Successful Evangelism Kit, \$1 Episc.
Weekend Christian Witness Projects—
an action program in evangelism,
free. Meth. Bd. Ed.**

**How to Win Youth to Christ—training
young people for personal visitation
evangelism, 2¢ Meth. Bd. Ed.**

Women's Groups

**When You Organize Women's Work in
Your Parish, 15¢ Episc.**

**Handbook for Women's Organizations,
50¢ Presb.**

**How to Organize a Woman's Society
of Christian Service, free, Meth. Lit.
Wesleyan Service Guild for Employed
Women, free. Meth. Lit.**

**Employed Women and the Church, by
Cynthia Wedel, 35¢ Meth. Pub.**

**New Ways to Better Meetings by Bert
and Frances Strauss—how to get
members to participate, how to
reach decisions, \$2.95 Meth. Pub.
New Hope for Audiences—methods of
conducting meetings, discussions,
workshops, 40¢ Meth. Pub.**

Young Adults

**Planning for Young Adults in the
Church, 25¢ NCC**

**Older Youth or Young Adult—Are
They in Your Church? Join with
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ship, An Effective Ministry for Sin-
gle Young Adults. Mr. President of
the Young Adults Group. All free
pamphlets. Meth. Bd. Ed.**

**Older Youth Notebook, 35¢ Meth. Bd.
Ed.**

**Single Young Adults in the Church, by
George Gleason, \$1.75 Westminster**

**Handbook for Presbyterian Adult
Groups—organization and program
help, 50¢ Presb.**

**Young Adults in the Church, by Rob-
ert S. Clemons, \$1.50 Abingdon**

**Young Marrieds and Preparing for
Marriage**

**Whom God Hath Joined, by D. R.
Mace, \$1.50 Westminster**

**What Is a Christian Home? Now You
Are Engaged. Going Steady. How
Do I Know It's Love? 20¢ per doz.
Meth. Bd. Ed.**

**Fit To Be tied, an approach to Sex
Education and Christian Marriage,
by Charles E. Batten and Donald E.
McLean, \$1.50 Seabury**

**Togetherness Series, set of 7 pamphlets
for the young family, 15¢ Meth.
Bd. Ed.**

**If I Marry a Roman Catholic, 5¢ NCC
or Meth. Bd. Ed.**

**To Sign or Not to Sign, the Catholic
marriage contract explained, 10¢
Standard.**

If You Marry Outside Your Faith, by

James A. Pike, \$2 Westminster

**What Christianity Says about Sex, Love
and Marriage, by Roland H. Bain-
ton, 50¢ Westminster**

**Sex and the Christian Life, by Sewart
Hiltner, 50¢ Westminster**

**Marriage Troubles Can Be Overcome,
5¢ NCC**

**Sex, Love and Marriage, by W. Clark
Ellezey 15¢ NCC**

**National Presbyterian Mariners Man-
ual—for couples groups, 25¢ Nat'l
Presbyterian Mariners, 458 E. Jeffer-
son Ave., Pomona, Calif.**

**Your First Week Together, a plan for
devotion at the beginning of mar-
riage, 10¢ NCC**

Teen and Pre-teen Weekday Activities

**Teaching the Christian Faith on Week
Days, 5¢ Meth. Pub.**

**Introducing the Weekday Church
School, 15¢ Meth. Bd. Ed.**

**We Believe in Weekday Church
School—statement by Christian edu-
cation leaders, 10¢ NCC**

**The Weekday Church School, by Erwin
L. Shaver, \$2.50 Westminster**

**Trail Hikes for Church Groups of
Older Youth, 50¢ Meth. Bd. Ed.**

**Let's Go Exploring, by Leo Rippy Jr.,
using nature walks in Christian ed-
ucation, 60¢ NCC**

**Let's Teach Through Group Relations,
by Dorothy Webber Caton—group
relations with children in the out-
of-doors, 80¢ NCC**

**The Church Day Camp, by LaDonna
Bogardus, 60¢ NCC**

**Camping by the Day, by Mary E. Ven-
able—how a local church can plan
for a day camp, 5¢ NCC**

Nursery Schools and Kindergartens

**Through the Week. Church-sponsored
Nursery Schools and Kindergartens,
25¢ Meth. Pub.**

**Your Church and a Through-the-Week
Preschool, 8¢ NCC**

**Nursery and Kindergarten Children in
Weekday Church School, free. Presb.**

Religious Drama

**Use Drama in the Church, 50¢ NCC
Basic Requirements for Church Drama,
by Arthur B. Risser, 10¢ NCC**

**Drama Is at Home in the Church, by
Harold Ehrensparger, 5¢ NCC**

**Plays for the Church—listing, 50¢ West-
minster**

**Treasury of Religious Plays, by Thelma
Brown, \$3 Association Press, 291
Broadway, New York, N.Y.**

**Religious Drama Number 2, Living
Age Books, Meridian Books, 17 Un-
ion Sq., N.Y., N.Y.**

Parents' Groups

**Leading Parents' Groups. How to direct
group discussion, 75¢ Abingdon**

**Preface for Parents, by Anita Wheat-
croft—a busy mother helps parents
(Continued on page 64)**

HOW TO MAKE UNLEAVENED BREAD

THIS recipe was given to me by a retired minister's wife some twenty years ago when my husband was beginning his ministry. I have used it successfully many times in preparing for the Communion Service. It will serve around 150.

Measure $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted flour into a bowl. Cut in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine until the mixture resembles very coarse meal. Add several teaspoons cold milk, mixing lightly, until the dough looks and feels like pie crust dough. Form the dough into two balls. Wrap in waxed paper and chill for at least one hour.

Place one ball on a lightly floured

board. Roll until *very thin* and rectangular in shape. With the help of a spatula, place the sheet of dough on the *bottom* side of a heavy cookie sheet. Uneven edges will not matter. Score deeply in $\frac{1}{2}$ " squares by pressing with a serrated knife edge which has been dipped in flour.

Bake at 400° for about 10 minutes, or until the center of the sheet is done. The edge will be brown.

Lift the bread from the pan immediately after removing from the oven.

When cool, the bread will break easily into serving-size wafers. Discard brown or imperfect pieces.

FRANCES MASON



KIT HUNTLEY'S FOOD PAGE

MUFFIN VARIETY

MUFFINS, hot and fragrant, straight from the oven! What could be more appealing? For something different—and easy—at your Easter breakfast or brunch, feature muffins, preferably two or more kinds. Putting all the emphasis on the muffins, you can have a mouth-watering variety, and serve them at their piping-hot best.

Choose plain basic muffins, if you prefer, and surround them with a covey of little dishes offering butter, honey, syrup, marmalade, cottage cheese and assorted jelly and jam accompaniments. Or, you may select anything from flaky buttermilk, cheese or peanut muffins to exotic parsley, caraway cheese, frankfurter, bacon, nut, or "parade" muffins, made with chopped green pepper and pimiento. There is an infinite variety of fruit muffins, too—banana, prune, date, marmalade raisin, and apple muffins, all sorts of berry, orange and apricot muffins.

Even more variety can be achieved by using different grains—oatmeal, bran, rice, whole wheat, and cornmeal—in interesting combinations, or muffins made by adding various prepared cereals. Then, don't forget spice muffins and molasses muffins, butterscotch and sugar plum muffins.

Fresh pineapple chunks make a good fruit dish to go with a muffin breakfast, and can be prepared the day before and allowed to soak in sugar overnight. Top each dish with a colorful strawberry. Serve everything smorgasbord style, with new batches of hot muffins appearing at regular intervals on the serving table. Let guests keep coming back for more as long as they can eat them. Coffee, tea, milk, and cocoa can be served nearby, or poured at the places. For a simple luncheon, serve hot muffins with mugs of soup.

BASIC MUFFINS (54 3-inch muffins)

Enriched flour	3 qts. (3 lbs.)
Baking powder	6 tbsp. (3 oz.)
Salt	3 tbsp. (1½ oz.)
Sugar	¾ cup (6 oz.)
Eggs	6
Milk	1½ qts. (about)
Shortening, melted	¾ cup (6 oz.)

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Beat eggs. Add milk and melted shortening. Add to flour mixture. Mix only until flour is moistened. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake in moderately hot oven (425 degrees F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

—Courtesy Wheat Flour Institute

For unusual variations, add to standard muffin recipe one of the following:

Peanut muffins—	2 cups chopped peanuts
Apple muffins—	1 quart finely chopped raw apple, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ¼ cup sugar
Berry muffins—	1 quart berries (blackberries and strawberries should be slightly crushed and sweetened) folded into batter
Cheese muffins—	1 quart (1 lb.) grated nippy cheese. Omit sugar
Parsley muffins—	1 cup chopped parsley
Raisin muffins—	2 cups raisins, ¼ cup sugar
Parade muffins—	1½ cups (½ lb.) chopped pimiento and 1½ cups (½ lb.) chopped green pepper with dry ingredients
Sugar Plum muffins—	Press cooked pitted prunes into batter in muffin cups. Sprinkle each prune with ¼ teaspoon cinnamon sugar.

For more muffin recipes send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Kit Huntley, Christian Herald, 27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

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By D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD

The Church and the New Movements

OURS has been a time of burgeoning new religious movements. These are of so many kinds that the first impression is one of confusion. When new life appears it tends to break the old forms, the new wine tends to burst the old bottles.

Many of the new movements are led, to a marked degree, by lay men and women. Thus in one southern city there is a fellowship which has taken form in the last three years which binds the members together in a loving concern for one another, yet not one cent goes to any person as payment for leadership. The members gather to pray, to study, to plan their individual ministries, to support the needy among them, but they are *not* a church. On Sunday morning most of them attend local established churches as worshippers, but they receive their greatest help from one another as they gather day by day, all through the week, in modest rented quarters which have no ecclesiastical appearance whatever. This is new; it is vital; it is unconventional. There is a good chance that fellowships of this type may spring up in other places.

A second example of new life is found in the armed forces in which some men who are professional soldiers are beginning to see that their daily tasks provide opportunities for effective Christian witness. The development is well seen in the organization of Protestant Men of the Chapel who are effective in all the American installations in Europe. They undertake the planning of ambitious lecture tours on the part of Christian interpreters and they try to make links between these leaders and the men whom they are eager to reach.

Some of the movements we now observe are so new and so undeveloped that they have no names at all. Several are built on the important consider-

ation that the Christian life can be more effective for many people if it is consciously related to an occupational concern. Significant examples are the Guild of Christian Professors, the Fellowship of Christian Doctors, and the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. On a general, rather than occupational basis we must reckon with many groups which unite concerned people regardless of denomination and regardless of daily work.

Among these we may name the International Christian Leadership groups, which operate chiefly as breakfast clubs, The Fellowships of the Concerned, the Yokefellow, the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World, the Churchman's League, the Disciplined Order of Christ, the New Life Movement and Alcoholics Anonymous. The last named led to the establishment of many other fellowships based on need. This includes the need of those who have been mentally ill, of those who have subnormal children, of those who have been in prison and of those who are overweight. Several have toyed with the idea of organizing Sinners Anonymous.

In a few cases the new movements are opposed because those who have a stake in the established ecclesiastical order fear that potential revenue of the church will be diverted into new and different channels. A few pastors are afraid that the new vitality may become a threat to their status. One pastor said, with shocking candor, "I know that the lay movement would bring new life to many, but I'm not going to encourage it. Without it I have my best chance for prestige and I'm not going to lose it."

Fortunately this man was an exception, but anyone who surveys the Christian scene carefully is well aware that slightly less extreme fears are appearing in various quarters. The tend-

ency is for the leaders of established churches to look upon the new movements as the officials of Judaism looked upon early Christianity.

Christ was killed, partly because He represented a threat to a religious monopoly. A later illustration of the same tendency is seen in the reluctance, in the eighteenth century, of the leaders of the Church of England to welcome the existence of the Methodist societies. If these men had understood the situation aright, all that is now in Methodism might be part of a vastly augmented Anglican Church.

As we consider the matter, two cardinal principles emerge. The first is that the church must welcome new life. However disturbing they may prove to be, we must give all of the new Christian insights opportunity to flourish *within* the body of Christ, rather than force them to find their places outside. In short we must not compel unconventional men and women to operate outside the structure of the established church as the Anglican leaders forced the Wesleys to do.

If there is a fellowship of Christian doctors or if there is a group trying to see the relationship between the Gospel and politics, the way of wisdom is to bring them under the main tent. This is wise because it is better both for the church which needs to be disturbed, and for the new society, which needs the stability which the total church can provide.

The second principle is that the new movement must *try* to stay inside the church and thus help to bring new life there. The temptation is to think that the church is so stuffy and so hide-bound that the case is hopeless, but it is wrong to submit to this temptation.

Bad as the church is, it constitutes our best chance for genuine renewal in civilization. It is remarkable for its ability to engage in self-criticism and thereby to change on the inside. What is needed, in regard to the church as we know it, is not a *reformation from* but a *reformation in*. If the members of new movements will only realize it, the church is big enough to include new movements and to draw them into the total Christian strategy.

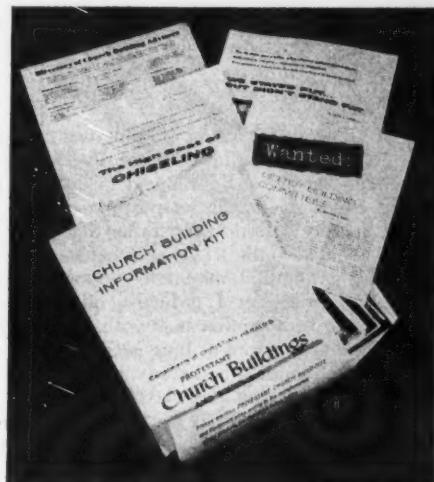
My final word then, is addressed to those who have new visions and who are discouraged at the plight of the poor old church around the corner. Yes, the church is weak when it ought to be strong. But the chief alternative to participation in the life of the church is either that of a voice crying in the wilderness, which is bound to be ineffective, or it is the witness of a little splinter group which, existing alone, becomes ever more divisive and consequently more self-righteous. Start your new movement if you can, but keep it within the main body. ■

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EASTER EVERY SUNDAY

True story of a Sunday school teacher's crucial experience, as told to RUTH CUMMINGS SANBORN

THAT beautiful spring morning was one of the hardest I ever lived through. The crisis I'd allowed to develop could no longer be postponed. Next Sunday's lesson preparation had been avoided until it loomed before me like a haunted mountain—impossible to climb. Yet I ordinarily look forward to this familiar task with joy. Usually I save a spot of time each day for prayer, planning and study, so that I can always bring the class a fresh slant—not on a tired old story, but on the inexhaustible Good News of God.

Last-minute cramming, or routine following of any lesson outline, is unworthy of that message, I am convinced. Besides, it could cheat my young charges (7th graders) out of a glimpse of God's unspeakable love—His demonstration that Love is not just a pretty sentiment but a staggering and world-changing fact with practical applications for today—one that can, if we let it, lift even the most trivial affairs to a new plane.

This week, however, a single question apparently had me flummoxed. Uncharacteristically, I had procrastinated, seizing on any excuse—a walk in the still-wet woods, calls on a sick neighbor—just to put off (I later realized) facing a problem I didn't dare face. Naturally, in 15 years of teaching, many questions had come up that I couldn't answer off-hand; 12- and 13-year-olds are always inquisitive. In the space age, their curiosity literally knows no bounds.

Often, realizing quite as well as my pupils that nobody—not even a teacher—knows everything, I've said: "That's really beyond me without some research. Let's all look it up and talk over our findings next Sunday." Such follow-up discussions, probably be-

cause of the joint effort, have been some of our best.

This question, however—or its effect on me—was unique. It came, as had many others, from Bobby (his parents didn't come to church but sent him to get something he might need for a well-rounded life).

But curly-headed Bobby, with his 12-year-old, troubled eyes, was not interested in a "well-rounded" approach. He was eager to get at the truth, wherever it might lead. His latest question, familiar to every knowledgeable adult, I had resolved long ago—I thought. But his innocent skepticism was shattering; doubts I'd thought long gone were revived—shocking me into the realization that I couldn't equal his honesty. (Later I was grateful—as I've often been to pupils—for teaching *me*.)

THAT day, however, reluctantly settling down to pray for guidance on how to meet his outburst, I was almost in despair. Each year I had compared Easter to the sun's returning strength awakening earth and new-born flowers; to God's promise of eternal life; to the incredible fact that Christ had once and for all overcome death in victory. And each class had apparently accepted the facts, although I knew now, sadly, that for many it might be only a lily-framed story of a long time ago.

Looking out the window, I felt that Nature and my own words mocked me. Winter's piled-up snow was shrinking into slush; here and there patches of early green poked from the brown wet earth; the sky was blue—the day breathed of spring. Easter lay on the horizon. But inside, it was Good Friday, by the calendar and in my heart.

(Continued on page 71)

Special Needs (Continued from page 60)

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THE LESSON BACKGROUND

By Amos John Traver



• April 2

Christ, Our Living Lord

JOHN 20:11-22

This Easter lesson rightly belongs with the preceding three months' series on the Gospel of John. However beautiful the life of Jesus, it would be tragic to believe that such a life could be forever snuffed out by death. It would mean defeat for Jesus and defeat for all who trusted Him. "Lo I am with you alway" could bring no comfort, no abiding Presence to share the experiences of life with His disciples. The pattern of His perfect life would only tantalize, for "there is none perfect, no, not one!" Jesus' resurrection validates all that He was and all that He promised those who believe in Him.

No wonder Paul preached the resurrection as the capstone of his faith! No wonder that the resurrection is still the one message of hope to a dying world!

Jesus' appearances to the disciples after Good Friday were God's gracious aid to their faith. They must be sure that He lived, so sure that they would risk their lives on it. To know the presence of one who had been dead and buried was beyond all previous human experience. How desperately they needed this divine aid to believe!

A new form of relationship must displace the personal, daily experience of His presence. They could no longer see Him, feel the pressure of His hand or hear the music of His voice. Inspired by the Holy Spirit they must learn the relationship of faith. The proof of His presence would be an inner proof. The power of His presence would be in

changed lives, new hearts cleansed of sin and strengthened in temptation. Believers in all generations know by the experience of His daily, hourly presence, that Christ is risen. Human reason may falter in arguments for the resurrection, but the believer knows that He lives, "and because He lives we shall live also"—live now in the strength He gives, and live forever in the power of His resurrection.

• April 9

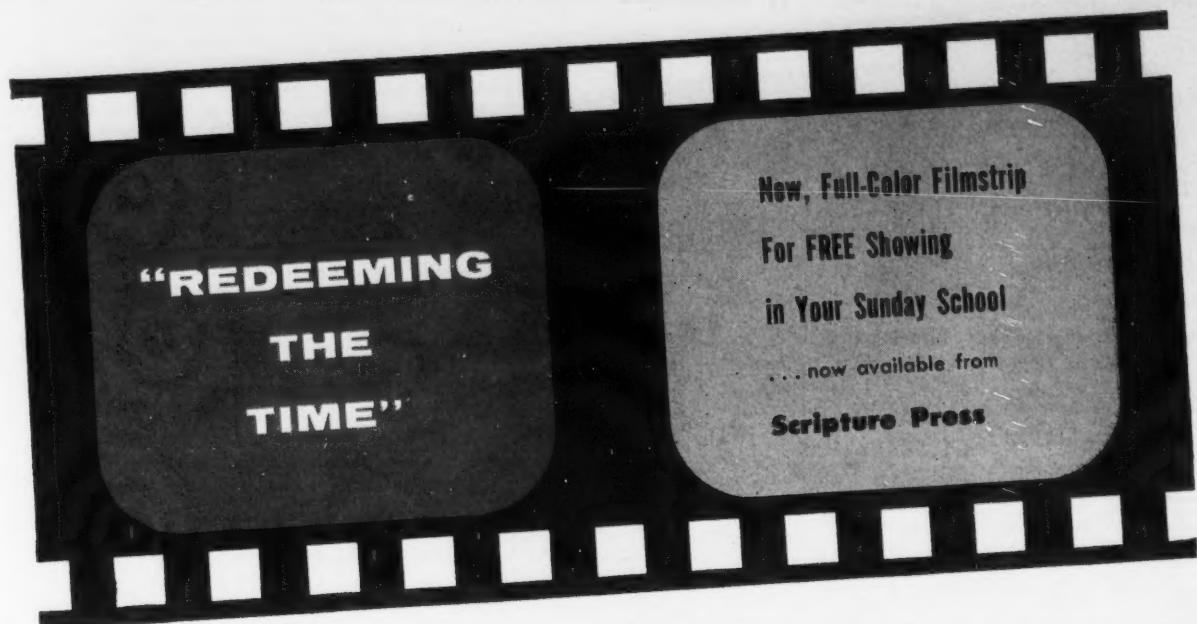
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PROVERBS 1:2-7; JOB 28:20-28; JAMES 1:5

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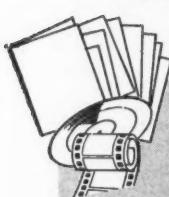
The wise men were very practical. Many times they echoed the truths universally accepted by the wisdom of Egypt, Babylonia and other nations. Little specific mention is made of Israel or of particular events in her history. The universe to them was orderly and

(Continued on page 70)



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A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S DIARY

Faithfully Yours . . .

A Sunday afternoon in April

Coming home from Sunday school this morning, I wasn't exactly glowing with triumph. And when hurried footsteps came up behind me, and I heard David Randall's voice calling, "Hey, there, Evelyn—wait a minute," I was very glad to wait.

"Well, Evelyn," he asked, "are you doing all right with your first class of teenage boys?"

"This is only my second Sunday, but something's troubling Bruce Andrews, David. What do you know about his family?"

"Very little, really. Mrs. Larkin was a widow—she's recently remarried. Bruce may be suffering from stepfather trouble, although Mal Larkin's a pleasant enough chap."

"Even so"—I was suddenly thoughtful—"most boys of his age adore their mothers. When his mother's a widow a boy often builds up a protective complex, and when a stranger barges in—and is given the preferred position—it can be bad. I'll call on Mrs. Larkin and find out what's wrong."

"Maybe you'd better keep your pretty nose out of it," David said. "After all, it's their business."

"It's mine, too! As Bruce's teacher, I should share his problems."

"Well, don't say I haven't warned you," David shrugged.

"Want to go driving with me this afternoon, Evelyn? The world's waking up—right now it's all fuzzy and expectant! Trees in bud, grass just breaking through the dark earth—there's a hush about the entire landscape. So—be kind to both of us!"

"I thought of calling on Mrs. Larkin this afternoon."

"Bad timing," David warned me. "Wait until you can see her alone."

So David and I rode through the waking world of springtime and stopped in the country for dinner, and drove home through a shimmering twilight that smelled vaguely of lilacs.

The first part of the next week was busy for me. We were getting out a new catalogue at the library—that took up most of my time—so, although I thought about the Larkin situation more than once, I didn't call. Then, early Wednesday evening, I started to work on the next Sunday's lesson, and the subject brought me up short.

That night I called the Larkin home,

but Bruce answered the phone and told me that his mother and her husband were out. He asked if there were anything he could do for me, and I told him I doubted it, which I did. But the next Sunday when we were in class, gathered around our own special round table, I saw Bruce stiffen as I repeated the Golden Text.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, . . . Bruce, how do you interpret the word 'honor' in this connection?"

After a moment Bruce said:

"I always thought that 'honor' meant the same as love—I mean in this Commandment."

"Unfortunately," I told him, "we can love some people without precisely honoring them—it's hard, but it's possible. Then, too, we can honor some people without loving them. When we speak about parents we should both honor *and* love them!"

"I've got a stepfather," Bruce blurted out. "I don't remember my own father, who died when I was a baby. Maybe, Mrs. Bradley, you ought to ask one of the other fellows."

"I intend to ask everybody in the class," I told him, smiling.

Bruce said, "Well, I guess honoring your father and your mother means sort of being proud of them, sort of feeling that everything they do is right, but—he broke off and turned to Michael Prentice, next to him. "What do you think, Mike?"

I thought, "This boy's evading the issue!" I, also, turned to Michael—a shy boy—and he flushed.

"Well, I suppose I honor my father most when he's playing games, say like golf, and leans backward to—to be fair and give the other fellow a more than even break! And every time my mother goes to the hospital to have a new baby I honor her something terrible!"

Bruce asked abruptly, "Are you ever jealous of your new brothers and sisters?" But Mike shook his head.

"Of course not," he said. "I'm tickled pink—a new kid makes our team bigger. You're an only child, Bruce, so you don't understand."

"I understand, all right," Bruce muttered. And after that the conversation became general. But as I went on with the lesson, I noticed that for once Bruce wasn't making journeys into outer space; he was right with us!

David motioned me to wait for him, so I sat at the table, leafing through the next lesson. But he came up behind me so quietly that I jumped when he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"I'm flattered. You don't scare easy," David laughed. "You seemed to be having it hot and heavy for a while, you and your boys."

"I wish they *were* my boys," I said, "each and every one. They're a wonderful group."

"There are only ten," David laughed again. "You still have time." I started to say, "Time, but no husband," and then I swallowed my words. David didn't pursue the subject. He asked, instead, if I'd like to go for another ride, and, remembering the beauty of last Sunday, I said yes. Driving through the country, more lush and green than it had been the week before, he spoke abruptly.

"Well, did you see Mrs. Larkin?"

"I phoned on Wednesday," I told him, "but she wasn't home. Bruce answered and told me that his mother and her husband were out."

"His mother and her husband? Not his mother and *his father*, or even his mother and *his stepfather*?"

"No."

David hesitated. "Today's lesson. Did it seem to hold any significance for Bruce?"

I nodded. "I brought up a point, perhaps a silly one."

"I doubt that. . . . Go on, Evelyn."

"I asked Bruce to define the difference between *honoring* and *loving thy father and mother*."

"And he said?"

"He got out from under very neatly," I smiled ruefully. "He handed the question over to Michael Prentice, and Mike, bless him, unconsciously brought things into the open. He said that every time his mother went to the hospital to have a new baby he honored her 'something terrible.'"

"Good for Mike. And then?"

"And then Bruce asked him," I told David, "if he were ever jealous of the new baby, and I couldn't help feeling that there was wistfulness in the question—and also a certain bitterness. I'm just guessing, David, but I think Bruce is very jealous of his stepfather and that it may eventually lead to trouble."

"As I've told you," David said, "Mal Larkin's a pleasant chap. If he's given a chance he'll meet Bruce more than halfway. And now—" he changed the subject abruptly—"let's forget about the Larkins for the nonce, and talk about us. I'd like to say a few rather important things to you, Evelyn."

Well . . . I won't tell you what he said, but until we meet again, I am,

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(Continued from page 66)
the laws of cause and effect prevailed. Yet they found the real source of knowledge in reverence for God. While they emphasized that wisdom was the way for a successful life, they did not leave God out of the picture. If they seem to teach humanism at times, a careful study of the entire body of their writings will show their theistic bias.

The New Testament is always needed in interpreting the Old Testament. For this reason James is brought into our study. A new motive for living right becomes the dynamic of New Testament wisdom. The love of Christ constrains. Truth is not discovered by human research but by revelation in Christ. The Christian and his non-Christian neighbor may accept the same universal common-sense way to live, but the basic motive will be different. Being a Christian should mean, as a minimum, the acceptance of universally approved standards of right and wrong. As a maximum it should mean Christ-like living made possible by God's grace.

• April 16

When the Righteous Suffer

JOB 2:3-6; 19:13-21; JAMES 1:12

Job is a dramatic poem. Many years ago I saw a play about Job produced on the stage of a small New York theater. The voice representing God spoke from off stage. The introduction and conclusion were given by a reader. The rest of the play was given substantially as it appears in our Bible. It was most impressive. In spite of the long orations, the time passed quickly. One could imagine how the people would gather around a reader in the village square to hear the story of Job. It would speak to one of the most puzzling questions men ever ask, "Why do good folks so often suffer?"

"The Reality of Disinterested Righteousness" was the title of an address by Dr. Harris E. Kirk delivered at Northfield, Mass. For one young Bible student it opened the door to understanding. It laid the emphasis where it belongs, not on the seeming arbitrary action of God, but on the motives of Job. Hebrew thought regarding Providence made material prosperity, good health and a peaceful life the reward for obedience to God's laws. Satan's cynical question, "Is it for nothing that Job reverences God?" is the key to understanding the drama. Job must learn to serve God for God's sake, in unshakable faith that God is just.

There is something mean and cheap in being good because it pays out in worldly coin. The fact that it usually does pay out makes it tempting to live righteously for the rewards it brings. New Testament light on the problem

makes clear that righteous living should be motivated by the response of love and gratitude to God's grace in Christ.

• April 23

When Human Wisdom Fails

JOB 21:19-34; 28:28

"Job's Comforters" has become a proverbial title for sympathetic friends who come with good intentions but no tact. Job's three friends believed that his troubles were clear evidence of some great sin. Hebrew reasoning was that since righteousness is rewarded with prosperity, adversity must be the punishment for sin. Jesus met the same false reasoning when His disciples asked about the man born blind. "Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" The three friends tried their best to secure a confession of some particular sin. They believed that if Job would confess, God would forgive him and restore him. But Job was too honest to confess sins that he was not conscious of committing.

There were three rounds of addresses by Job's friends. Each took his turn in trying to secure a confession. The first round emphasized the holy and righteous character of God and His wisdom and might. With such a God, Job must see that he, not God, was in the wrong. The second round emphasized the moral laws under which God's providence worked. The very constitution of the universe and of humanity pointed the finger of guilt at Job.

The third round gave up indirect attacks on Job's righteousness and, completely out of patience with Job, the three friends charged Job with stubborn refusal to admit that he is concealing some sin that well deserved the punishment he is suffering. He must stop complaining of God's injustice and learn that "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

• April 30

When God's Wisdom Prevails

JOB 42:1-12; JEREMIAH 9:23, 24

Job's friends completely failed to help Job answer his question, "Why do I, a righteous man, suffer?" Then God speaks to Job. The self-revelation of God emphasized His wisdom, power and glory. It would not, of course, satisfy us in the light of God's perfect revelation in Christ. It did serve to show Job how presumptuous he was to seek argument with God. It left Job no longer arrogant but wilted into abject humility. God challenged Job to tell how he would rule the universe, how he would master the cataclysms of nature or the huge beasts that roamed over the earth. Job must admit that his little

human mind and his puny human strength would not justify his attempt to probe the mysteries of Providence.

Wisdom prevailed with Job when he could say, "I thoughtlessly confused the issues; I spoke without intelligence of wonders far beyond my ken." (Moffatt translation.) What he had thought was wisdom had been only hearsay. His confession was now sincere. It was not a confession of some particular moral lapse but of his attitude toward God.

Much earlier in his discussion with his friends he had declared his faith in God in these forthright words, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." He had not fully understood what he was saying. Now he understands. Complete trust is restored. He does not have an

answer to his question, "Why?" but he does have his faith restored. God, being what He is, can be trusted. Job may not understand why he had been so afflicted, but that no longer matters.

The conclusion to the drama seems to blunt some of the argument for "disinterested righteousness." Job's prosperity returns. Now it is a gift of God's grace, not the reward of his righteousness. Some scholars believe that the conclusion was written by another author to support the Hebrew belief in rewards for righteousness. Whether this is the case or not, Job's motive of righteousness for God's sake is clear. A happy ending to the story counteracts some of the black tragedy in the life of long-suffering Job.

Easter Every Sunday (Continued from page 64)

"You know, Mrs. Ashton," Bobby'd said abruptly, "it isn't easy to believe in Jesus." Then he squirmed, embarrassed, in his chair. Quickly agreeing that it *wasn't* easy, I drew a sharp breath and tried to find reasons that might convince him. But the words sounded empty, even to me. Bobby did not hear them at all.

"On Palm Sunday," he said, "they welcomed Him as King—nothing was too good. Then practically everybody deserted Him. All the disciples ran away except Peter and John—and a lot of good *they* were! John apparently knew the High Priest; why didn't he do something? And the Council voted against Him in spite of some of His so-called best friends—like Nicodemus. He certainly chickened out! Even Pilate said he found 'no fault' with Him—but washed his hands instead of ruling against what he knew was wrong. Then they tortured Him to death, like a criminal. And He died, just like any other man."

Bobby's intimate knowledge of the characters and the story amazed me; what he said was true as far as it went. Jesus had not died exactly as other men, but He *had* died. . . . Unwittingly, Bobby had stirred up doubts re-awakened a year ago. All at once, my own beliefs threatened to crumble in the midst of doubt. Why hadn't I met this crisis long ago, or even last year?

Then without warning all my own repressed pain and grief engulfed me. Through swelling tears, I relived those days of burying my father, who, like Jesus, "went about doing good" but suddenly returned to dust on Good Friday—fragrant Easter lilies hiding the dusty fact that he was gone.

Realizing at last that I hadn't yet dared to try to understand the mean-

ing of his death, I felt a new urgency to re-discover him—to know the spirit of the man I had loved so much, and who had led me to love his Lord and King.

And now that I dared face my own grief, I knew for the first time how Jesus' disciples must have felt between Good Friday and Easter—huddled together in misery, disillusionment and fear. Opening my Bible, I re-read the Resurrection story. At first, it seemed just words—idle dreams and women's gossip. But when I remembered how those weak, ignorant men became strong, fearless leaders who turned the world upside down in His name. . . .

Somehow, I had to bring my class, and myself, to the undying joy beyond Calvary. I could not leave them where so many "Christians" spend their days—looking for the "living among the dead." Jesus' own words reminded me: "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." Now I knew what He meant: God does not leave unfinished business. Like the disciples before Easter, I had been blinded by physical loss to the reality of His living presence—and to the fact that He had opened the door to eternal life for us—both hereafter and now.

Now I knew the key to Sunday's lesson. Bobby would have to meet the Master himself—as every Christian has for 2,000 years. All I could do was try to show the way, to plant a seed, trusting "the increase," which I might never see, to God.

Meanwhile, Bobby's unblinking honesty had helped me more than he will ever know. He had helped me roll away the stone that too often keeps us "Christians" sealed in the tomb of sin and fear.

When we can roll away *that* stone, then at last we know that He is risen indeed, and that because He lives, we too may live unto God. It *can* be Easter every Sunday; in fact every day we are with Christ Easter dawns anew. ■

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The Aging (Continued from page 37)

reach old age—and to which the parents of many of us belong right now.

In pre-Communist China it was regarded as a mark of achievement just to be old. When a woman was asked her age, the older she was the more proudly she announced the figure, for the greater her years the greater her triumph over life and her absorption of its riches of philosophy and wisdom. If her years were few, she announced this more or less with apology for the fact that she had not yet made the grade but she was trying. Imagine a woman in modern America taking this attitude toward age! The man in pre-Communist China gained in authority as he gained in years, so that even if his brawn no longer qualified him as the fastest or most powerful worker, his brain was regarded as the fuller vessel of knowledge and judgment.

We need today a recognition (perhaps one should say a re-recognition) of the precious qualities of age. We younger people need to look honestly into the mirror and discern some of our own cockiness, our feelings that we "know it all," that we are so much smarter than our parents ever were, that we have all the answers and no one can teach us anything. And having taken the honest look, we might grow sufficiently in modesty and humility to pay some heed to the wisdom and judgment of those who have coped with life and learned from life much longer than we have. By such an attitude alone we would return to our elders their rightful status. We also would repay our rightful debt to them (certainly we are nothing more than deadbeat debtors when we take, in our childhood and youth, all that our parents have to give, and return to them only a grudging tolerance when they are old).

We can reach the satisfying level of co-adulthood with our parents. We, with eyes more seasoned and perceptive than those of childhood, can find in them interesting and stimulating fellow human beings. We love them, of course, because they are our parents, but now we can *like* them as well. We can see them, perhaps for the first time, as people with a sense of humor and a feeling for fun. We can find new interests to share and the stimulation of new activities which we now discover to our surprise, interest them as well as us. We can find a new spark in the exchange of ideas between us and these new-found co-adults, our parents. We can find their opinions worth listening to. We may, as a matter of fact, find them unexpectedly wise.

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